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October 7, 1950

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, rector; Robert B. Birnbaum, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No 40, Oct 7, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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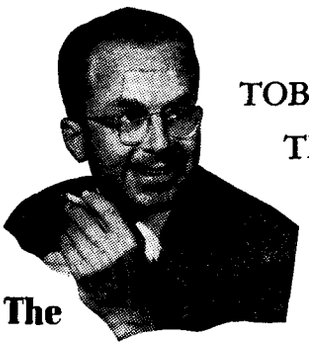

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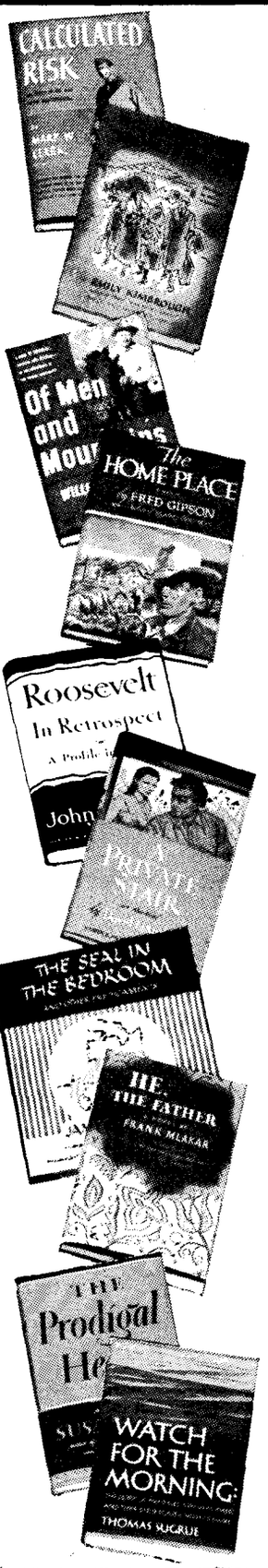

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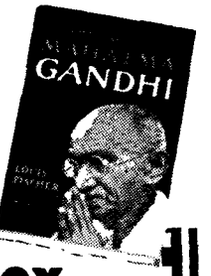

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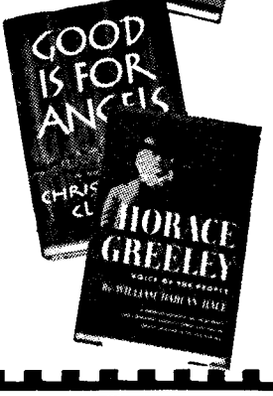

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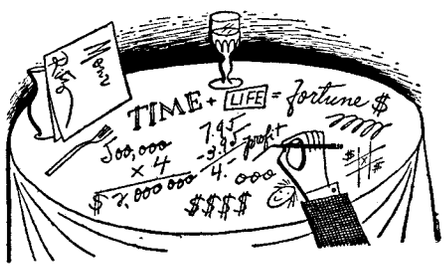
TRADE Winds

THE GREENISH TINGE detectable on the faces of our best-dressed publishers and booksellers these autumn afternoons is the result of deep-seated and undisguised envy. Before their bulging eyes the mighty minions of the House of Luce are performing the publishing miracle of the century: a single book that promises to enrich its sponsor to the tune of anywhere between two and four million dollars! The book, of course, is *Life*'s "Picture History of World War Two," and, as of September 20, almost half a million orders had been received at the pre-publication price of $7.95. From now on a copy will cost the customer $10—still a bargain any way you look at it. The format will be *Life* size, 376 pages, with 75,000 words of text by recognized authorities, nearly 1,000 pictures, and sixty-four pages in full color.

The following calculations were made on a tablecloth at the Ritz Grill

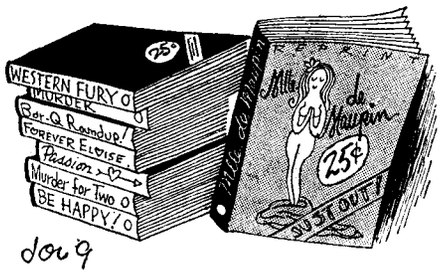


by one of the book trade's outstanding statisticians, and are reprinted here by permission of Mrs. Perlmutter's hand laundry. Since *Time-Life* can take advantage of its own preferential rates for paper, printing, and binding, it is inconceivable that the per-copy cost will exceed $4. And by selling direct to the consumer the publisher adds to his take the entire gross profit ordinarily earned by the retail bookseller. Even on the pre-publication price of $7.95, therefore, there is a net profit margin of $4 a copy. From now on profit is $6 a copy. All those compelling full-page announcements in *Life* and *Time*, furthermore, were "house" ads, of course, and any charge for same meant only that the organization was taking the money out of one pocket and putting it into the other. If an outside publisher ever were to attempt a campaign on a comparable scale, he'd be so broke he couldn't buy an aspirin without a signed permit from his banker. There it is. Five hundred thousand times $4 is two million, it says on the tablecloth.

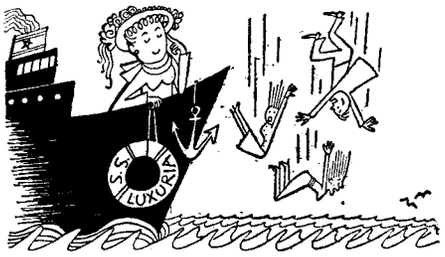
And that isn't all. Some months ago the Luce organization let it be known that after the campaign aimed at their own subscribers had been terminated they would license a regular book publisher to supply the rest of the population through normal channels. More than thirty publishing houses, it is rumored, had sufficient faith in the receptivity of this untapped reserve to plead ardently for the privilege of acting as distributor. One eager beaver went so far as to pin a certified check for two hundred thousand dollars to his application, if only to demonstrate that all this talk about the impoverishment of book publishers may have been exaggerated slightly. It availed him naught, however, because Simon & Schuster received the nod. They had already contracted for an illustrated outline of Western civilization that was sidetracked for the time being when the "Picture History of World War Two" was incubated, and the Luce directorate rightly felt they deserved to handle the substitute.

It's all pretty dazzling, but let it not obscure the fact that sales of several volumes of outstanding new verse were well within reach of the six-hundred mark by the time that tablecloth came back from the wash. . . .

ONE OF THE MORE bookish quarter-reprint publishers is toying with the notion of a new edition of Theophile Gautier's time-honored pulse-quickener, "Mlle. de Maupin." The fair heroine, Rosalind, has been standing around now, "her fallen garments forming a sort of pedestal for her, in all the diaphanous splendor of her beautiful nakedness" (Ernest Boyd



translation) for a full 115 years, but the publisher thinks there's a lot of life in the old girl yet—particularly if he can get away with a mild retitling job that has been suggested to him: "I Nude Her When." . . . Rebecca West, the English novelist and brilliant conversationalist, thinks that crossings to and from America aboard luxury liners are among the chief joys of her periodic visits to our shores. When a friend insisted on flying, Miss West asked, "How can you resist the beautiful boats?" The friend replied, "I get into trouble on boats: drinks and cads, you know. I unfailingly get in with what is known as the wrong set. In a plane you *can't* get in with the wrong set." "No," agreed Miss



West thoughtfully, "just people you *can* be seen dead with." . . . The Central Broadcasting Company is distributing a 176-page collection of "unsolicited praise" to advertise a 372-page book called "Radio Salesmanship." How many wild quotes does it pay to sow? . . . Ed Parone reports the receipt of two Viking books in a single package: "Sexual Behavior in Society" and "The Enemy Had It Too." Kroch's Bookstore in Chicago sold seventeen copies of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" to one cash customer the other day. Ralph Weil, who made the sale, asked, "Could I have your name?" "I suppose so," said the customer with a certain reluctance. "It's Malik." . . .

IN PRIVATE LIFE Betty Smith, whose "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" is now being fashioned into a musical play, is the wife of Joseph Piper Jones. Whenever they fare forth from their home in Chapel Hill, she relates, they have a system for signing hotel registers. If the trip is in connection with her literary endeavors, they use her name. If it's a pleasure jaunt, they use his. One night the issue was not quite clear. Her husband poised his pen over the register and asked, "What name shall we use, tonight, dear,—Smith or Jones?" The room clerk hastily assured them every room was taken. . . . Jacob Billikopf, of the Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science, was a civic employee in Kansas City in his salad days. An eager girl reporter sought his assistance on a series exposing the city's low-income housing congestion. He provided damaging facts and figures. Her pieces were the talk of the town, and Billikopf found himself in hot water with some of his bosses who owned a lot of real estate. The girl reporter consoled him with a gift copy of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." She autographed it, too: "Edna Ferber." . . . The most beautiful color reproductions of art masterpieces I ever have seen in book form are con-

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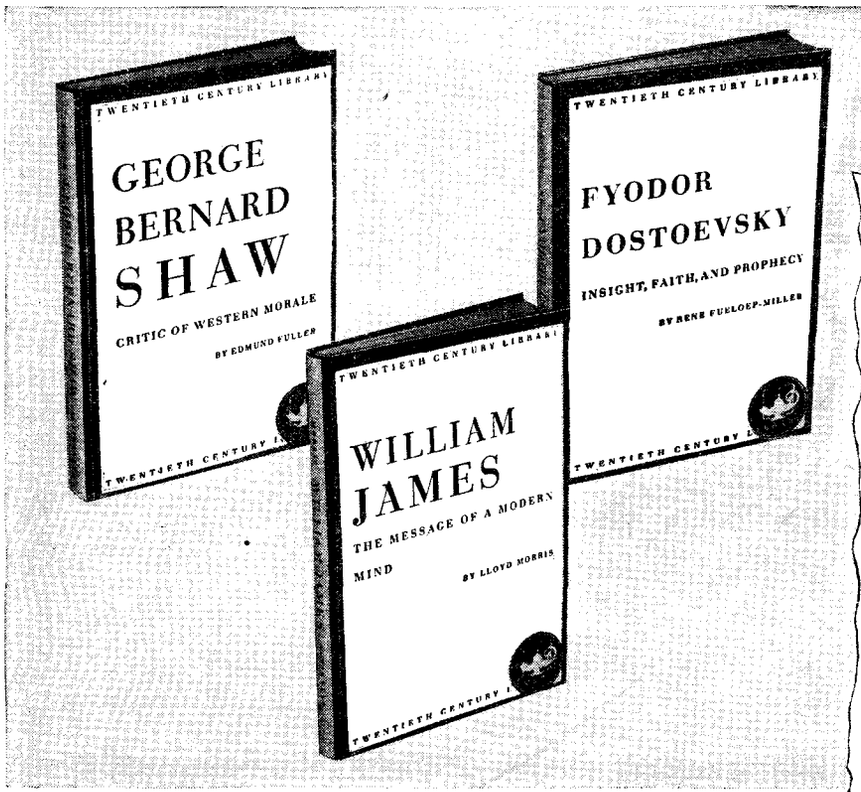

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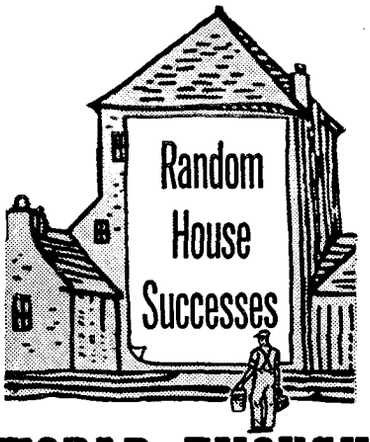

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BERNIE HART'S NAME for a distinguished publisher-about-town who's not particularly noted for his silences is "Garrulous-at-Large." . . . The *London Bookseller* reports this sign in a Bible-publisher's window in Paternoster Row: "Holy Scripture, Writ Divine, Leather bound at one and nine; Satan trembles when he sees Bibles sold as cheap as these." . . . And here in New York the book buyer of a large department store has tacked this solemn warning over his desk: "I don't give a damn how many you sold Macy's." —BENNETT CERF.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Vincent Starrett

A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no . . .
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!
—Nursery Rhyme.

HEIGHO, in spite of all his mother said,
Young Rowley went a-wooing, who but he!
Poor fellow, now with children at his knee
Who should have been long hours ago in bed,
He spins dull tales for little ears and minds,
Eats peanuts, popcorn, butterscotch no doubt,
And sometimes, when his luck is running out,
Folds little pants for little bare behinds.

Ah, Anthony, the moral of your fate
Is plain: Heed well a parent's fond advice.
At every crossroad something rather nice
In fur or feathers brandishes her bait;
But softly, son! Her pretty apprehensions
Mask ugly deeps of honorable intentions.

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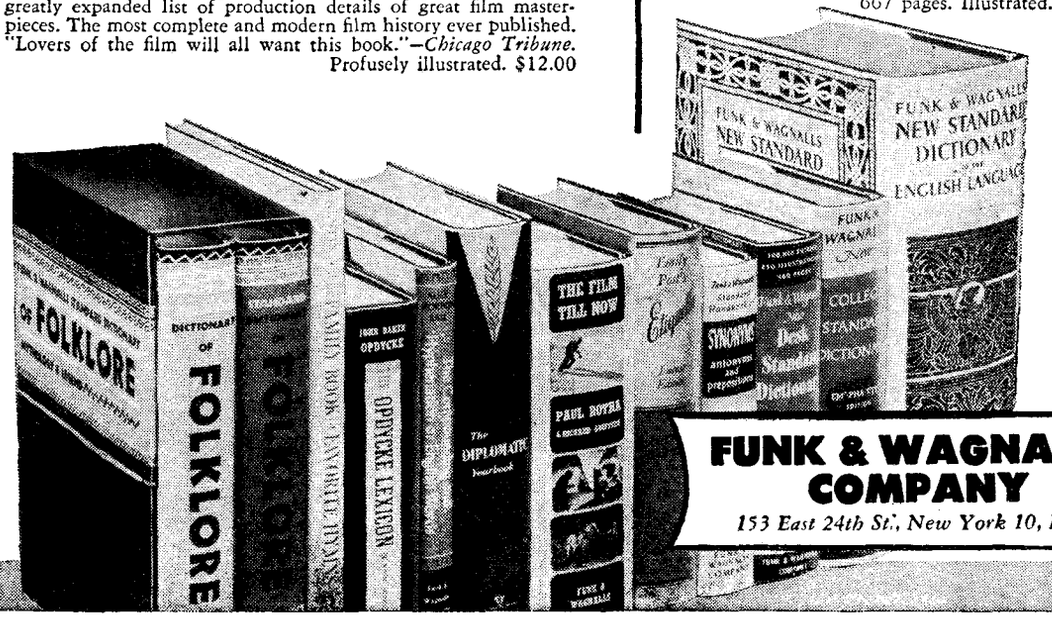

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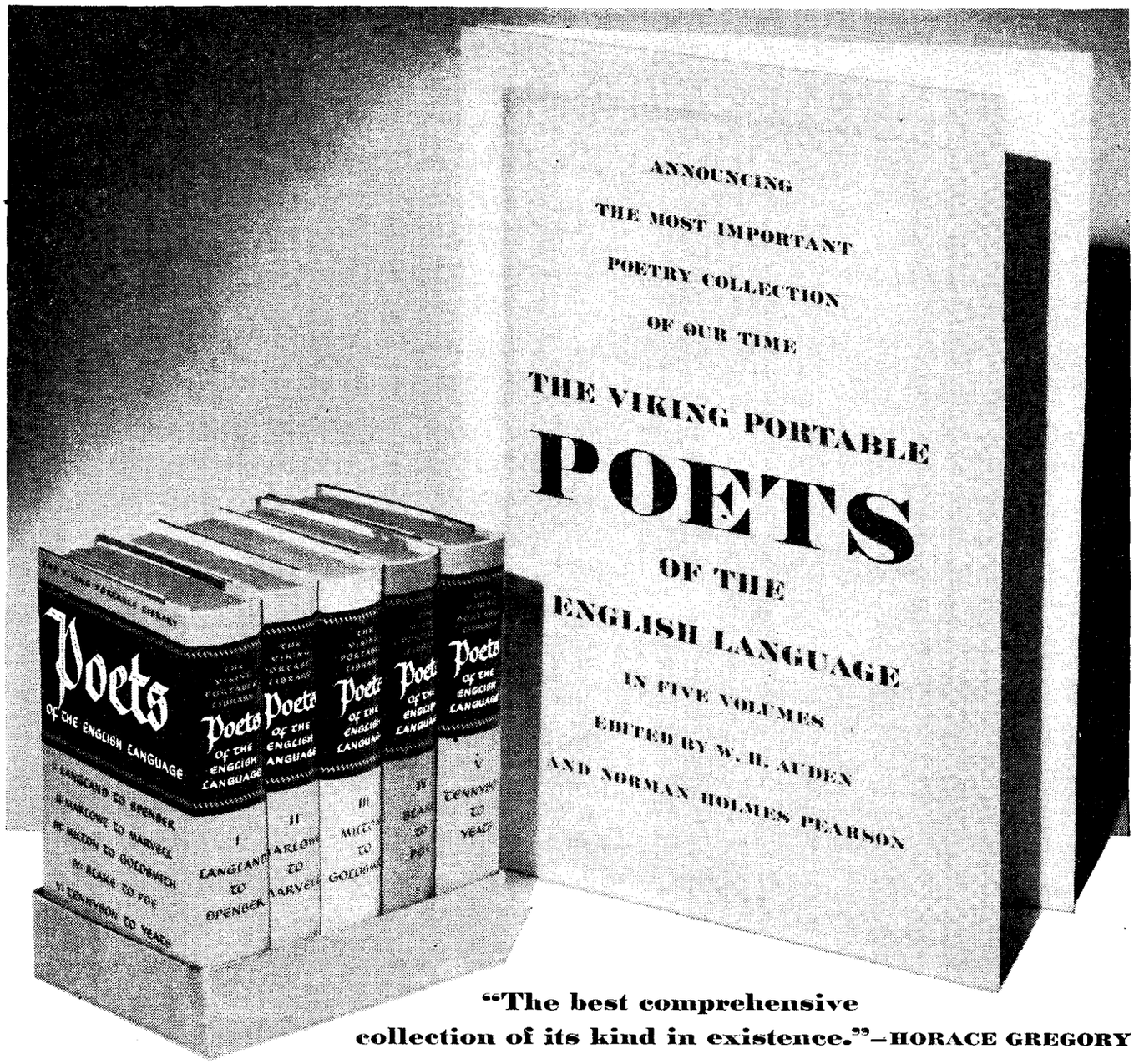

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The Boswell Papers

A Legend of Impropriety

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Christopher Morley

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following essay is a shortened version of Mr. Morley's preface to "Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763," which will be published by the McGraw-Hill Book Co. on November 6. This volume is the first of the fifty-volume set of the complete works of James Boswell being published serially by McGraw-Hill in collaboration with Yale University. The editor of the series is Frederick A. Pottle, Sterling Professor of English at Yale University.*

IT WOULD be impossible to invent any detective story so fantastic as the history of the Boswell Papers, running through five generations from Scotland to Ireland, and from their initial suppression and neglect by those most intimately concerned, to their discovery, a century and a half later, their purchase by an American, and then their eventual transfer to a safe new haven in the vaults of the Yale University Library.

To understand what happened we must go back to James Boswell's strict Presbyterian family. From the first, Boswell's family disapproved of his association with Samuel Johnson, and even more of his profligate way of life. At twenty-one he had fathered an illegitimate child; afterwards his amorous escapades had been both numerous and notorious; still later, though devoted to his wife ("that valuable woman"), he had been incapable of remaining faithful to her. Small wonder, then, that by the time he died he was already a legend of impropriety, which death transmuted to the skeleton in the family closet. The papers he left—and especially the uninhibited journals, of which this volume is one—served only to confirm this impression of him within the home circle at Auchinleck; and later events, as we shall see, reinforced it further. So it would appear that the family legend of Boswell as an ancestor to be on the defensive about, and therefore to be kept under cover, took firm hold and was passed on from generation to generation.

But "his chosen lifework," as Professor Chauncey B. Tinker has said of Boswell, was "defeating the forces of oblivion." The process took a long time, but at his death, in 1795, it was already well begun. Being both a canny Scot and a lawyer with an eye to the future, Boswell left a will in which he named three of his friends as trustees of his unpublished manuscripts: Sir William Forbes, the Reverend W. J. Temple, and Edmond Malone. The fact that he took this precaution is proof enough that Boswell attached considerable importance to his papers, no matter what his immediate heirs may have thought.

Temple died in 1796, only a year after Boswell, without having seen the papers. Forbes was evidently alarmed by the nature of the manuscripts. He considered them unpublishable, but equally undestroyable. He died ten years later, in 1806. So far as we know, his only editorial contribution to the problem was to insert at various places in the journals markers bearing the note: "Exceptionable Passage" or "Reprehensible Passage."

The third executor, the Irishman Malone, was of different sort. Distinguished scholar and analyst of Shakespeare, he had recently (1790) published his famous edition of the plays; perhaps he yearned, as a born editor would, for another job equally severe. It was Malone who with kindness and wisdom had kept poor split-minded Boswell to the great task he had to finish before he died. The deuce with the law, Malone must have said; the deuce with standing for Parliament; and the deuce also (in moderation) with wine and women. Get on with the "Life." Night after night, in his "elegant library," Malone corked the decanter and uncorked Boswell's portfolio of scrawl-handed memos.

IT HAD taken Boswell more than twenty years to assemble these multifarious and multitudinous jottings about Johnson, and now the exhausting compilation had to be carried through by a breaking man, ridiculed by paragraphers and cartoonists, half-crazed by melancholia, dissipation, disappointment in law and politics, the death of his wife, and perplexities of money and his children's education. But he had Malone to keep him at it. Together they went over the collected material. What a storytelling painting it would make, a fit partner for the famous engraving of Johnson reading the manuscript of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Boswell was the curator of Johnson's memory, but Malone, in those last bewildered years, was curator of Boswell. As Geoffrey Scott wrote: "Malone worked day after day beside Boswell because he discerned his genius, his human need, the treasure of his cargo, and the imminence of his shipwreck."

So, even after death, Boswell had his usual luck. Of his chosen executors,

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Forbes was a busy banker in Edinburgh and probably as easily shocked as bankers have to be. Temple was a parson in remote Cornwall, less shockable than a banker, but urn-buried in family pains of his own. But the third was the exceptional Malone, acute and experienced editor. So far as we can guess at this distance, he did all that friend and critic can. Though he did not advise publication of the papers (resistance by Boswell's family would have been too strong to permit it anyhow), he saw to it that they were preserved.

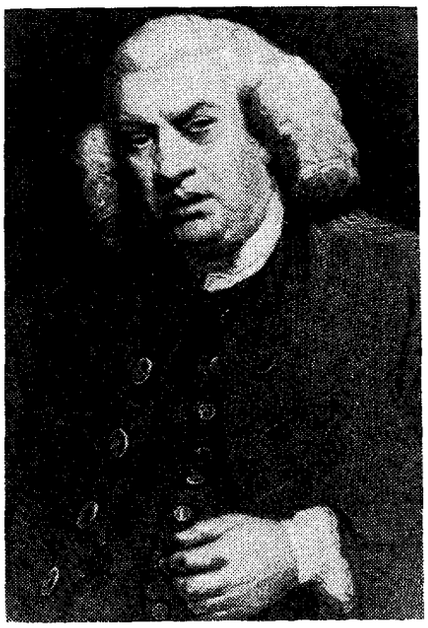
The reproach used to be that Boswell's executors never met to discute their problem. If not, so much the better: none felt free to destroy anything. We know that Forbes and Malone corresponded and sent boxes of the papers to and fro by wagon. The upshot was that they decided (since the papers had been willed for the benefit of Boswell's younger children; the heir, Sir Alexander, had the estate) to wait until the younger son, James Boswell, Jr., who had more of his father's tastes than Alexander, would be old enough to offer mature opinion. Malone was left with the belief that most of the manuscripts had been returned to Auchinleck.

But at this point Malone's handwriting becomes an element in the story. It has been ingeniously suggested: Did Malone write of a certain manuscript that it "had been *burned* in a mass of papers" or "*buried* in a mass of papers"? That is one of the small red herrings that have slipped through the seines of scholarship. We know the answer now or at least the major answer; but for years it was assumed, on the authority of Malone's possibly misread word, that at least a part and probably all of Boswell's papers had been destroyed. What seems likely is that whoever found himself in possession of any of the notes and journals took one horrified and fascinated look, and shoved them into the nearest closet.

Malone died in 1812; both the Boswell sons died in 1822. The mansion at Auchinleck was left to a group of seminoble dames who were naturally timorous of anything associated with their grandfather. The portrait of Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds, so Sir Walter Scott said, was moved from the drawing room to the attic, face to the wall. The papers, if any, were presumed destroyed.

To ramify the history of the papers and the Boswell family tree, through its failure of heirs male and marriages in the distaff, is a pleasure for specialists. Abridgment for the amateur need mention only the great turnpoints in the century and a half after Boswell's death.

First, there was Macaulay's extraordinary essay, written originally for the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," and then spread in millions as a classroom text. This set the tune for comment on Boswell during three generations. It was impressed on every schoolboy, in Macaulay's gorgeous rhetoric, that the greatest of all biographies outside Holy Writ was the work of a clown, zany, screwball, and buffoon. As *soutenance de thèse*, Macaulay's essay can never be surpassed; and never, by Boswellians, quite forgiven. No wonder the Boswell family, hypersensitive as only Scottish heirs can be, encouraged the notion that the reliques of their freakish ancestor had perished. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought: by now they may even have believed it.



Samuel Johnson: "Sir, he has scandalized himself into immortality."

THEN happened a strange adventure. About 1840—no one has ever been able to tell me the precise date and circumstance—an English traveler, one Major Stone of the East India Company, was making purchases in the shop of Madame Noël in Boulogne. Major Stone found his supplies, whatever they were, wrapped in pages of manuscript signed with the large and legible name *James Boswell*. All Madame Noël knew was that they were part of a bale of scrap she had bought from a junk-pedlar. Major Stone was smart enough to buy all that remained. They proved to be near 100 letters written to the Reverend William Temple.

How did they happen to turn up in this unlikely place and fashion? For answer we go back to Boswell.

Of the many friendships in Boswell's life two were critical. A man of temperament has friendships reaching many ways. There was the great one, world-known, reaching upward to Johnson; and another, candid and laxative—and in the long run no less significant—downward to his lifelong confidant, the parson Temple. To Temple he always told all. How comforting it is to have a confessor of one's own age. To Temple he confessed what he would never have mentioned to Johnson. This being the basis of their friendship, Temple cherished Boswell's letters and preserved them. But Temple had a daughter who married a too-lavish parson, Mr. Powlett, whom

Dialogue with Dr. Johnson

I DOUBT if this would be a book for Dr. Johnson. I shudder to think what he might have said. Perhaps:

"Sir, he has scandalized himself into immortality."

"Do you not think, Sir, that if there be a purgatory he is the liveliest ember in it?"

"The only purgatory for Bozzy would be not to be noticed."

"He rose above that long ago, Doctor. In the past thirty years the rediscovery of Mr. Boswell has been the most exciting adventure in English letters."

"Sir, that may be. The assiduity of amanuenses may still elevate the scholar to grace. But I hope I have lost by now my most personal irascibilities. I am content to be, not the one whose 'Life' Boswell wrote, but the one, otherwise little perused, whose 'Life' was written by Boswell."

"And a Scotchman!"

"Let us not acuminate a point already too sharp. Pray remember I hired five Scotsmen as copyists for my Dictionary. You should have heard them burring together when they thought I was beyond earshot. Sir, the Scotch character is as irregular as their landscape. Here is a young laird, the disgrace of his respectable house, who in a century and a half has turned biography upside down. He has even become, I hear, the renown of a North American university."

"It does seem, if I may say so, Doctor, a trifle immoral."

"Alas, my dear Sir, I fear that in the long course literature has no morals whatever."

—C. M.

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James Boswell: "Heave awa', lads, I'm no deid yet."

Boswell had once invited to breakfast and found congenial. Perhaps it was Powlett's memory of Boswell's charm that caused him, when he shot the moon and moved to France to escape creditors, to take with him his father-in-law's papers. And in due course, all unknowing, Madame Noël came into possession of the letters, presumably dispersed on Powlett's death, which occurred in 1834.

AFTER Major Stone acquired them they circulated among various hands and were eventually published (sharply "castrated" as scholars say) in 1857. Eventually they came to safe deposit in the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, and were first published in full by Professor Tinker in 1924. I imagine the ghost of Boswell, relaxing into the Doric accent: "Heave awa', lads, I'm no deid yet."

Another cusp in the graph was drawn when great-granddaughter Emily Boswell, in 1873, married one of the ancient and noble family of Talbot, seated at Malahide Castle outside Dublin. In 1905 obit Emily's sister and co-heir, Mrs. Mounsey, and the Auchinleck property and archives passed to the Hon. James Boswell Talbot, great-great-grandson, and heir of Malahide. Just when the papers were moved to Ireland I don't know. It must have been some forty years ago. Except for a sheaf of chance-choice items in an Ebony Cabinet (an heirloom to Boswell from a great-grandmother), they simply passed from one attic to another. They were shoved away anywhere convenient—some in a croquet box which afterwards became famous.

In 1921 the heir, James Boswell Talbot, succeeded to the title and castle of Malahide: a kindly man, interested in sports and horses and the estate; not much curious about papers, dimly rumored disreputable, that had come down through his mother's family. He married, in middle life, a highly intelligent and sprightly lady of a theatrical background and with the keen sense of actuality and box office that the stage implants. Soon after Lord Talbot's marriage Tinker's "Letters of James Boswell" (1924) was being widely reviewed in the press, and the remote observer begins to see the diagram of destiny taking shape.

On July 29, 1920, Tinker had written to the great Tom Tiddler's Ground of bibliography, the London *Times Literary Supplement*, asking if anyone knew of any letters of Boswell in private custody. Reply was prompt and explicit: Professor Tinker got an anonymous communication: "Try Malahide Castle." He looked up "Burke's Peerage" and noted the Boswell connection.

By felicitous coincidence the United States Consul General in Dublin at the time was a college classmate, Yale '99, and intimate friend of Tinker's, Mr. Charles Hathaway. With his aid and that of others, discreet *pourparlers* were arranged. After some delay the consul and the professor were invited to tea at Malahide. In a memorandum tenderly Boswellian in tone, Professor Tinker has recorded his visit, which took place June 30, 1925:

> I was accompanied by the Consul General on the fateful Tuesday . . . I took with me, as a propitiatory offering, a copy of my edition of "Boswell's Letters," published the year before. The gift was accepted, but without enthusiasm. It served only to increase the natural suspicions of my intentions.

One doubts whether Professor Tinker, *molto agitato*, really did justice to his tea and cucumber-and-cress sandwiches and caraway cake. It was finally Lord Talbot, puzzled and bored, who suggested the guests be taken to the next room to see the Ebony Cabinet. "I recall," says Tinker, "a magnificent escritoire of black oak, but of course one must make allowance for the tendency to heighten and color memories now twenty-five years old." He saw, and was allowed to handle, "papers in a drawer stuffed full of manuscripts. There were letters of Boswell to his son Alexander—some manuscript sheets of the 'Life'—a number of volumes of a diary—Lady Talbot told me that parts of it were not suitable for print."

There were also, the Talbots told the stricken scholar, at least two boxes of papers from Auchinleck that had never been opened. When was student ever so tortured? But Tinker pays honorable tribute to Lady Talbot's understandable coolness:

> There was no reason why she should be well disposed to an American who arrived wishing to know the nature and extent of the family papers. As the state of affairs was slowly disclosed to me, my dismay mounted with my fascinated attention. The mere existence of such treasures made my edition of the "Letters" seem *passée*. I saw that all that had been said and written about Boswell must now be revised. My state of mind was not happy.
>
> When we left, Lord Talbot descended the castle stairway with us, and held the door of the taxi for

Cathedral of Biography

AS THE express trains between London and Liverpool go racing across the Midlands the passenger can see, for a minute or so, the noble bulk of Lichfield Cathedral. It rises above the green fields of Staffordshire, a couple of miles west of the line, landmark of the town where Samuel Johnson was born. I'm afraid many travelers miss that glimpse, and I know I have caused puzzled looks by nudging attention to it; but there must also be others who, when they see the spire, think momentarily of the extraordinary life, and the endless fountain of ink, that began below it. When I last saw it (autumn, 1949), on account of some weakness in the great flèche, it was "reticulated and decussated" in steel scaffold, fine as cobweb, hardly less spectacular than the cathedral itself.

I remember that glimpse as an emblem of the work, patient these many years, of scholars and collectors who, before they are done, will have given us exciting new perspectives not only on Johnson, but, more to the present purpose, on his friend and biographer, James Boswell. With equal craft and judgment the scholars and collectors have clustered about a famous edifice, mending, supporting, renewing the tall spire. The parable is not exact: there was certainly no instability in the great Cathedral of Biography, "The Life of Samuel Johnson": but that masterpiece begins to emerge, from devoted masonry and restoration, taller and more decorative than ever. Of that intricate scaffolding this book is a small but critical platform. These notes, or well-meant nudges, are not for the architects and experts; only for riders in the train. —C. M.

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me to enter. He suggested that perhaps we might be inclined to visit Dublin again in the autumn, for the races . . . I told my friend that I had seen the Valley of Rubies.

That one glimpse was all that Tinker was to be granted as long as the papers remained at Malahide. But he came away with precious knowledge which others before him had sought in vain. He knew that the Boswell Papers—or at least a part of them—still survived; and he knew where they were. The news was revealed to few people, but of course spread. A famous American collector of rare manuscripts made a courageous effort. He sent a cable to Lord Talbot offering £50,000 for the papers. This was approximately a quarter of a million dollars at the then rate of exchange. Lord Talbot took umbrage that such an offer had been made for the family papers by a stranger, and he did not answer the cable. That was the end of that chapter.

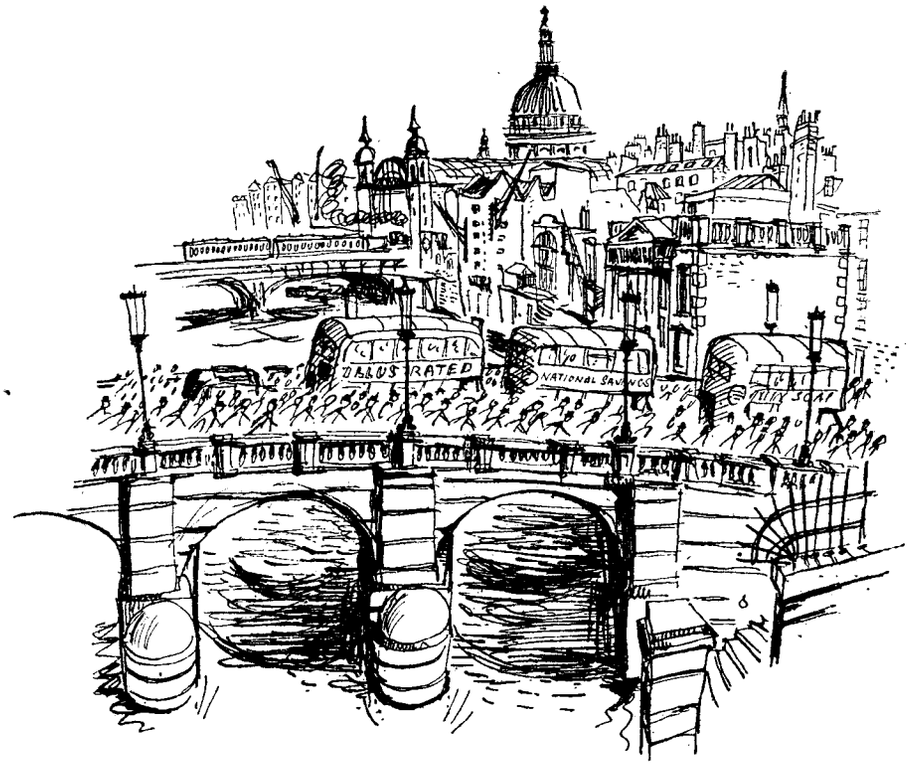
Tinker also told his friend A. Edward Newton, and Newton next had a go at the papers. Again the stone wall. So when Newton saw that he, too, could get nowhere, he encouraged a friend of his to try his luck. There was nothing to lose by trying, and Newton told his friend that if anyone could succeed where others had failed and given up, he was the man.

Now enters the remarkable character of Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham, who possessed precisely those qualities that our history requires. Not in any sense an academic person, he had nevertheless long been a student of the eighteenth century, and he was already a well-known Johnson collector. He had also, desirable for collectors, considerable funds. Though American, he had lived much abroad, and had served a notable career in the British Army, rising to staff officer in the First World War.

Through proper channels Colonel Isham made his identity known to Lord Talbot and expressed a wish to visit Malahide to see the Boswell Papers. No word or hint of wanting to buy them, you understand; he just wanted to look at them. And in due course, again through channels, Lord Talbot sent his answer: he would be glad to receive Colonel Isham at the castle if he chanced to be in the neighborhood. Well, it just so happened that he chanced to be in the neighborhood with reasonable but not unseemly haste. This was in 1926. He was received, he saw some of the papers, and the sequel proves that he got on well with Lord and Lady Talbot. He was invited to return, and later he spent several days as house guest at the castle.

Only Colonel Isham, in the right

(*Continued on page* 60)



—From "Other People's Lives."

The World's Biggest Bookseller

GEORGE KENT

IN WINTER or summer, come war, come peace, one place in London is always crowded. Only the Palladium, a vaudeville theatre, and Madame Tussaud's waxworks vie with it in popularity. Situated in a clutter of shabby buildings on shabby Charing Cross Road, Foyle's is easily the largest retail bookshop in the world —and a bookworm's paradise.

Foyle's boasts thirty miles of shelving, nine acres of floor space, and more than 4,000,000 volumes. In addition, it operates a picture gallery, a sheet-music and record shop, a lecture hall and a lecture bureau, a lending library, a book-of-the-month club. It even publishes books itself. In short, this huge book emporium caters to the intellectual and esthetic cravings of all London.

Books are jammed tight in floor-to-ceiling shelves. They drip from tables and counters. They stand in swaying towers at the aisle ends. In storerooms untidy mountains of them sprawl half open, pages riffled, awaiting assortment. Each week four tons of books, mostly old medical and legal tomes, are carted away in trucks to the paper mill for pulping. The store has 700 employes but they never seem to catch up with the inflowing tide.

From morning until dark men and women line up to sell books to Foyle's, toting them in market baskets and paper bags, in suitcases and alligator purses. Boxes of books arrive daily from many parts of the world, their owners trusting Foyle's to make a fair offer. Foyle's trucks tour London and the suburbs buying more. No book, whatever its title or condition, is turned down. A newspaper item reporting a high price paid for a Gutenberg Bible will bring out every family Bible for miles around for sale to Foyle's. They have no resale value but they are taken in nonetheless. Recently I watched a down-at-the-heel author offering some of his own books for sale. "Five shillings," said the buyer. "Suppose I autograph them?" queried the author. "Six shillings," said the buyer. The deal went through.

It's a cozy place with its rickety stairs, its creaking floors, its low ceilings. Sooner or later everybody comes in. Queen Mary drops by occasionally. Winston Churchill has been seen prowling about. Noel Coward admits he got the idea for "Cavalcade" as he thumbed through a file of old magazines at Foyle's. Arnold Bennett used to wander wistfully through mile after mile of shelving hoping to find some-

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one reading his books. He said he always kept a 100-pound note in his pocket to present to such a reader. But he never found one.

THEN there was the distinguished-looking gentleman who came in looking for a book to read on the train. The saleswoman persuaded him to buy a copy of "The Forsyte Saga," saying she had read it herself and enjoyed it immensely. The man bought the book, then handed it to the girl a few minutes later. On the flyleaf he had written: "To the young lady who enjoyed my book—John Galsworthy."

Most of the visitors, however, are ordinary folk who drop in to nibble or to browse, perhaps to buy a book. Actually they buy close to $5,000,000 worth each year, either directly or through the mail. During the war they bought 10,000 books a day. But nobody is asked to buy. Some bring their lunch and read along for weeks without being nudged by a salesman. College students who cannot afford to pay for textbooks do their studying there, standing up. The other day the management received a letter from Herbert Morrison, the Labor Party leader, thanking them for according him the privilege of studying when he was poor.

The tradition of noninterference is so fixed that when something occurs to disturb it the readers show resentment. One of the regulars came every afternoon and read until the store closed. Before leaving he would mark his place by turning down the page, resuming his perusal the following day. One afternoon he arrived and discovered his book had been sold. He raged up and down the aisles, swearing he would never come back.

The postman unloads each day between 20,000 and 30,000 letters, including orders from the far corners of the earth. People demand books on how to propose marriage, how to raise frogs, how to play poker. One man wanted to be taught how to poison his enemy and not be found out; a native of the Gold Coast asked for a book describing the "hundred ways to kiss." A lawyer in prison for embezzlement wrote that inasmuch as he expected "to spend the next few years quietly" he proposed to catch up with his studies, and he ordered a long list of scholarly volumes.

The story of Foyle's is mostly the story of its founder and owner, William Alfred Foyle, a sixtyish, white-haired gentleman who never finished high school. Plump and twinkling, he is an inveterate practical joker. In his office you are likely to sit on a chair with a sawed-off leg, light an exploding cigar, or find in your pocket a velvet jewel case containing an old fishbone. From his personal library of rare volumes he will pull out an impressive-looking volume, studded with rubies, open it, only to reveal inside no reading matter but a bottle of brandy. Once in a gift package of books to Dartmoor Prison he included "The Beauties of Dartmoor" and a technical treatise entitled "Bolts, Locks, and Bars."

To the job of selling books he brings the merchandising skill and flamboyance of a P. T. Barnum. When Hitler was burning books Foyle cabled him, offering to buy the books "at a good price." During the London blitz Foyle had his revenge. Instead of piling sandbags on the roof of his shop, he used unsold copies of "Mein Kampf."

He once shocked London booksellers by offering to sell books at tuppence a pound, on any subject, any classification. He was condemned by his colleagues as using "methods more suitable to a greengrocer." "What's wrong with the methods of a greengrocer? My father was one," he said. The scheme cleaned the shelves and emptied the attics. If you write asking the price of a book you don't get an answer to your letter; you get the book. Nine times out of ten the volume stays with the recipient. These and other methods have made "Willie" Foyle England's—perhaps the world's—most prosperous book dealer. And but for the high income tax he would be a millionaire many times over.

"I was born near London," he told me, "and I did so badly in school that I was usually a grade or two behind."

When he was seventeen he and his younger brother, Gilbert, bought some fifteen or twenty books and began studying to pass a civil-service examination. They both failed miserably, but it was the best thing that ever happened to them. To salvage something from the wreck of their hopes they decided to sell their books and accordingly put an advertisement in an educational newspaper. Since there was no shop dealing in used textbooks at that time, the Foyles were flooded with replies. He and his brother not only sold the books they had but scoured the city for more, sold them, and kept on buying.

Both boys had jobs so the book business was carried on after hours. Mornings William would stack them in his bicycle carrier and ride them to the post office. Soon the business outgrew the kitchen, and they rented space in a warehouse. Finally they plunged, quitting their jobs and opening a shop in what was little more than a hole in the wall. That was close to forty years ago.

THE brothers, working from dawn to midnight, kept on expanding the business. It spread into the next shop, then to the floor above. After a while they had the entire building. When that became too small they took the next house, joined them together by knocking holes through the walls. Today Foyle's eleven two- and three-story buildings meander in seemingly haphazard fashion down both sides of Manette Street and slowly inch farther south on Charing Cross Road.

Actually, Foyle's is a conglomeration of bookshops. Besides its main bookstore, it has one of the largest medical collections in the world; its Oriental shop handles books in all the languages of the Near and Far East. It has a section devoted entirely to the occult, another to free-mason-

—*New York Public Library Collection.*

"Book Stalls," by Cook.

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ry, and its rare-book and autograph division is one of the best anywhere.

Its worldwide lending library of well over 1,000,000 volumes is constantly in motion between England and some 2,000 outlets in the British possessions as well as the ships of the Royal Navy and the Merchant Marine. It is the country's leading book-of-the-month club, putting out best sellers and jury-selected books in cheap editions at fifty cents each to some 250,000 subscribers. It publishes scores of "how-to-do-it" handbooks.

The climax of all this activity comes once a month when more than a thousand persons gather in a swank West End hotel for a Foyle's Literary Luncheon. For some twenty years Foyle's has been honoring authors and new books, and these gala occasions are now an established institution. Foyle's leprechaun touch is apparent in their showmanship. Recently, when a book on beards was feted, all twenty-odd notables at the head table—except the author—were men with chin ornaments. Once when Shaw was scheduled to speak he was asked if he would like the menu to be vegetarian. The dramatist reflected a moment, then replied: "No, the thought of 2,000 people munching celery at the same time horrifies me."

A shop like Foyle's is, of course, the happy hunting ground for collectors of rare books. One of them found on the ten-cent counter a copy of "Boyd's Colored Views of London" and sold it a week later for $500. But Foyle himself has been lucky in precisely the same way. In the Caledonian Market—a place where second-hand things are sold—he picked up a package of books for a few pennies and found a first edition of Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat," which he sold for several thousand dollars. One day a customer came in complaining bitterly that a prayer book he had bought at Foyle's was defaced by scribbling. His money was refunded. Then, on a hunch, Foyle showed the volume to an expert who identified the scribbles as the hand of Ben Jonson. One of Foyle's best stories concerns a collection of Bernard Shaw correspondence which he sold for $800. The buyer later discovered that they were forgeries. Foyle gave back the money and sent the letters to Shaw. The playwright explained at great length how the writing differed from his own. Foyle sold the forgeries and Shaw's letter for $1,000.

Not long ago a group of businessmen offered Foyle well over a million pounds for his bookstore. He turned the offer down with an airy wave of his hand. "What would I do," he said, "without my books and my bookworms?"

Current Books Worth Reading

The Nation's Critics Vote

NEVER since *SRL* began its seasonal practice of inviting the book editors and reviewers of the nation's leading newspapers to nominate "ten new books worth reading" have they had more titles to choose from and come up with a greater variety of recommendations than in this autumn of 1950. The twenty-three critics who participated in our latest poll, representing journals in every section of the country, nominated a total of sixty-five titles in the general field and fifty-five works of fiction. Few titles excited more than two or three critics. The moral, if there is one, seems to be that there are plenty of good books to choose from for fall reading and Christmas giving, but fewer than in previous seasons of the type everyone "must" read.

Seven works of fiction were nominated five or more times:

"The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli (Pantheon)—nine votes.

"The Collected Stories of William Faulkner" (Random)—eight votes.

"A Fearful Joy," by Joyce Cary (Harper)—eight votes.

"Across the River and Into the Trees," by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner's)—seven votes.

"The Adventurer," by Mika Waltari (Putnam's)—seven votes.

"Parade's End," by Ford Madox Ford (Knopf)—six votes.

"The Little World of Don Camillo," by Giovanni Guareschi (Pellegrini)—five votes.

Only three "general" books received five or more nominations:

"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl (Rand McNally)—eleven votes.

"Ideas and Men," by Crane Brinton (Prentice-Hall)—six votes.

"The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," by Louis Fischer (Harper)—five votes.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

J. F. ROTHERMEL
Birmingham News

General

"The Man of Independence," by Jonathan Daniels (Lippincott).
"Faith, Purpose, and Power," by James P. Warburg (Farrar).
"The Story of Ernie Pyle," by Lee G. Miller (Viking).
"Soviet Politics: The Dilemma of Power," by Barrington Moore, Jr. (Harvard).
"The Dartmouth Bible," edited by Roy B. Chamberlin and Herman Feldman (Houghton).

Fiction

"The Collected Stories of William Faulkner" (Random).
"The Little World of Don Camillo," by Giovanni Guareschi (Pellegrini).
"Go Home and Tell Your Mother," by Max Wylie (Rinehart).
"Long the Imperial Way," by Hanama Tasaki (Houghton).
"Catspaw," by Mary Borden (Longmans).

VAN ALLEN BRADLEY
Chicago Daily News

General

"The Wisdom of the Sands," by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (Harcourt).
"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl (Rand McNally).
"Ruxton of the Rockies," edited by LeRoy R. Hafen (Oklahoma).
"The Emergence of Lincoln," by Allan Nevins (Scribner's).
"Drawn from Memory," by John T. McCutcheon (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"Collected Stories of William Faulkner."
"Parade's End," by Ford Madox Ford (Knopf).
"City in the Dawn," by Hervey Allen (Rinehart).
"A Fearful Joy," by Joyce Cary (Harper).
"Champion Road," by Frank Tilsley (Messner).

EMMETT DEDMON
Chicago Sun-Times

General

"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," by Louis Fischer (Harper).
"Interview with India," by John Frederick Muehl (John Day).
"Air Power: Key to Survival," by Major Alexander P. de Seversky (Simon & Schuster).
"Belles on Their Toes," by Frank Gilbreth and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey (Crowell).

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Fiction

"The Backward Bride," by Aubrey Menen (Scribner's).
"The Injustice Collectors," by Louis Auchinloss (Houghton).
"The Case of Comrade Tulayev," by Victor Serge (Doubleday).
"The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli (Pantheon).
"Welcome Darkness," by Leon Statham (Crowell).

FREDERIC BABCOCK
Chicago Tribune

General

"A King's Story: Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor" (to be published by Putnam's).
"Our Jungle Road to Tokyo," by Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger (Viking).
"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763," edited by Frederick A. Pottle (to be published Nov. 6 by McGraw-Hill).
"Drawn from Memory," by John T. McCutcheon.

Fiction

"Across the River and Into the Trees," by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner's).
"The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli.
"The Disenchanted," by Budd Schulberg (to be published Oct. 30 by Random).
"Welcome Darkness," by Leon Statham.
"The Abandoned," by Paul Gallico (Knopf).

FREDERICK YEISER
Cincinnati Enquirer

General

"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"Ill Met by Moonlight," by W. Stanley Moss (Macmillan).
"Sea Road to the Indies," Henry H. Hart (Macmillan).
"Cats and People," by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott).
"Noble Essences," by Osbert Sitwell (Little, Brown).

Fiction

"Parade's End," by Ford Madox Ford.
"The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli.
"Collected Short Stories of William Faulkner."
"Face of a Hero," by Louis Fallstein (Harcourt).
"The Escape," by Mark Aldanov (Scribner's).

FRANK O'NEILL
Cleveland News

General

"The Road to Pearl Harbor," by Herbert Feis (Princeton).
"Drawn from Memory," by John T. McCutcheon.
"Ideas and Men," by Crane Brinton (Prentice-Hall).
"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"Ordeal by Slander," by Owen Lattimore (Little, Brown).

Fiction

"A Fearful Joy," by Joyce Cary.
"Professor Fodorski," by Robert Lewis Taylor (Doubleday).

"Before we get married you must rid yourself of romantic illusions about my future as a writer. It's going to be one grueling cocktail party after another."

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"Reprisal," by Arthur Gordon (Simon & Schuster).
"Across the River and Into the Trees," by Ernest Hemingway.

ERNEST CADY
Columbus Dispatch

General

"The Dartmouth Bible," edited by Roy B. Chamberlin and Herman Feldman.
"Boswell's London Journal," edited by Frederick A. Pottle.
"A Generation on Trial," by Alistair Cooke (Knopf).
"Jane Mecom," by Carl Van Doren (Viking).
"Here I Stand: A Life of Martin Luther," by Roland H. Bainton (Abingdon-Cokesbury).

Fiction

"Owen Glen," by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton).
"Parade's End," by Ford Madox Ford.
"The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli.
"The Adventurer," by Mika Waltari (Putnam's).
"Signal Thirty-Two," by Mackinlay Kantor (Random).

LON TINKLE
Dallas News

General

"The Emergence of Lincoln," by Allan Nevins.
"The Position of America," by Alfonso Reyes (Knopf).
"Ideas and Men," by Crane Brinton.
"Pierre Vergniaud: Voice of the French Revolution," by Claude Bowers (to be published Nov. 6 by Macmillan).
"Karankaway County," by Roy Bedichek (Doubleday).

Fiction

"A Fearful Joy," by Joyce Cary.
"Two Legends: Oedipus and Theseus," by André Gide (to be published Nov. 23 by Knopf).
"The Trouble of One House," by Brendan Gill (Doubleday).
"Back," by Henry Green (Viking).
"The Twenty-Fifth Hour," by C. Virgil Gheorghiu (to be published Oct. 23 by Knopf).

CLYDE BECK
Detroit News

General

"The Smithsonian," by Webster Prentiss True (Sheridan House).
"Cats and People," by Frances and Richard Lockridge.
"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"Drawn from Memory," by John T. McCutcheon.
"The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," by Louis Fischer.

Fiction

"The Ringing of the Glass," by Preston Schoyer (Dodd, Mead).
"Torch for a Dark Journey," by Lionel Shapiro (Doubleday).
"The Married Look," by Robert Nathan (Knopf).
"The Adventurer," by Mika Waltari.
"The Spanish Gardener," by A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown).

EDWARD PARONE
Hartford Courant

General

"The Auroras of Autumn," by Wallace Stevens (Knopf).
"A Generation on Trial," by Alistair Cooke.
"The Columbia Encyclopedia" (new edition, Columbia).
"The Truman Merry-Go-Round," by

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Robert S. Allen and William V. Shannon (Vanguard).
"Religion and the Intellectuals" (*Partisan Review*).

Fiction

"The House of Breath," by William Goyen (Random).
"The Collected Stories of William Faulkner."
"Parade's End," by Ford Madox Ford.
"The Day of the Locust," by Nathanael West (New Directions).
"A Fearful Joy," by Joyce Cary.

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH
Los Angeles Times

General

"Here I Stand," by Roland H. Bainton.
"Valiant Pilgrim: The Story of John Bunyan and Puritan England," by Vera Brittain (to be published Nov. 14 by Macmillan).
"Our Jungle Road to Tokyo," by Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger.
"The Art of Teaching," by Gilbert Highet (Knopf).
"The Wisdom of the Sands," by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.

Fiction

"Owen Glen," by Ben Ames Williams.
"The Home Place," by Fred Gipson (Harper).
"The Adventurer," by Mika Waltari.
"Louisville Saturday," by Margaret Long (Random).
"Catspaw," by Mary Borden.

AUGUST DERLETH
Madison (Wis.) Capital Times

General

"The Age of Scandal," by T. H. White (Putnam's).
"Ideas and Men," by Crane Brinton.
"The Human Use of Human Beings," by Norbert Wiener (Houghton).
"A Cup of Sky," by Donald Culross Peattie and Noel Peattie (Houghton).
"The Human Community," by Baker Brownell (Harper).

Fiction

"The Short Stories of Conrad Aiken," (Duell).
"The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli.
"The Injustice Collectors," by Louis Auchinloss.
"The Phaisan Bird," by Henry Williamson (to be published Oct. 10 by Little, Brown).
"A Fearful Joy," by Joyce Cary.

PAUL FLOWERS
Memphis Commercial Appeal

General

"In the Pink," by Mildred Spurrier Topp (Houghton).
"A King's Story: The Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor."
"Index of American Design," by Erwin O. Christensen (to be published Oct. 17 by Macmillan).
"The Hinge of Fate," by Winston S. Churchill (to be published Nov. 27 by Houghton).
"Boswell's London Journal," edited by Frederick A. Pottle.

Fiction

"The Rest They Need," by Herbert Lyons (Dial).
"Blandings' Way," by Eric Hodgins (Harper).
"Parade's End," by Ford Madox Ford.
"The World My Wilderness," by Rose Macaulay (to be published Oct. 9 by Little, Brown).
"A Fearful Joy," by Joyce Cary.

BEATRICE WASHBURN
Miami Herald

General

"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"Our Jungle Road to Tokyo," by Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger.
"The Man of Independence," by Jonathan Daniels.
"Ideas and Men," by Crane Brinton.
"The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," by Louis Fischer.

Fiction

"Brave Company," by Guthrie Wilson (Putnam's).
"Long the Imperial Way," by Hanama Tasaki.
"Face of a Hero," by Louis Fallstein.
"Young Man of Paris," by Henri Calet (Dutton).
"The Collected Stories of William Faulkner."

H. RUSSELL AUSTIN
Milwaukee Journal

General

"Ideas and Men," by Crane Brinton.
"The Human Use of Human Beings," by Norbert Wiener.
"The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," by Louis Fischer.
"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"Venus Observed," by Christopher Frye (Oxford).

Fiction

"The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli.
"The Adventurer," by Mika Waltari.
"The Collected Stories of William Faulkner."
"The Preacher and the Slave," by Wallace Stegner (Houghton).
"Long the Imperial Way," by Hanama Tasaki.

MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS
Nashville Banner

General

"The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," by Louis Fischer.
"The Story of Ernie Pyle," by Lee G. Miller.
"Jane Mecom," by Carl Van Doren.
"Abby Aldrich Rockefeller," by Mary Ellen Chase (Macmillan).
"The Gallant Hood," by John P. Dyer (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"Across the River and Into the Trees," by Ernest Hemingway.
"The Collected Stories of William Faulkner."
"The Preacher and the Slave," by Wallace Stegner.
"Age Without Pity," by John Prebble (Holt).
"The Little World of Don Camillo," by Giovanni Guareschi.

MAX HERZBERG
Newark Evening and Sunday News

General

"The Popular Book," by James D. Hart (Oxford).
"Operation Cicero," by L. C. Mayzisch (Coward-McCann).
"Oxford Book of American Verse," edited by F. O. Matthiessen (Oxford).
"The Dartmouth Bible," edited by Roy B. Chamberlin and Herman Feldman.
"People Named Smith," by H. Allen Smith (Doubleday).

Fiction

"The Adventurer," by Mika Waltari.
"Across the River and Into the Trees," by Ernest Hemingway.
"Bennett's Welcome," by Inglis Fletcher (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Far Lands," by James Norman Hall (to be published Nov. 7 by Little, Brown).
"The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli.

LEWIS GANNETT
New York Herald Tribune

General

"A Generation on Trial," by Alistair Cooke.
"The Story of a Stanley Steamer," by George Woodbury (Norton).
"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"Drums Behind the Hill," Ursula Graham Bower (Morrow).
"Horace Greeley: Voice of the People," by William Harlan Hale (Harper).

Fiction

"The Widow," by Susan Yorke (Harcourt).
"Reprisal," by Arthur Gordon.
"The Home Place," by Fred Gipson.
"Across the River and Into the Trees," by Ernest Hemingway.
"The Little World of Don Camillo," by Giovanni Guareschi.

VICTOR P. HASS
Omaha World Herald

General

"The Popular Book," by James D. Hart.

(*Continued on page 59*)

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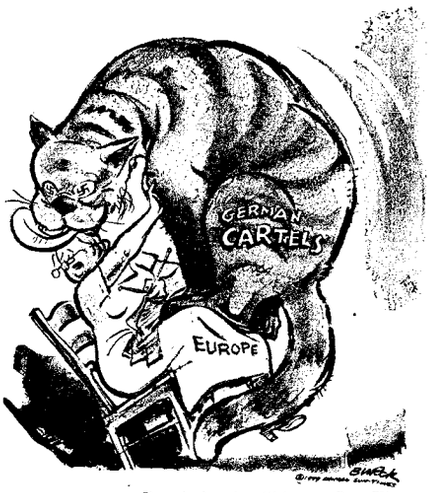
The World. *Even as we fight the disciples of Russian Communism in Korea, many students of international affairs are arguing that if there is an ultimate showdown between East and West it had better be not in the Orient, but in Europe. This line of thought has led us to adopt a muddled policy in dealing with our late enemy (and future ally?), Germany. James Stewart Martin, former chief of the U.S. decartelization program in the Reich, tells of our often contradictory attitude toward the German economy in "All Honorable Men" (see below). An eloquent report on Western Germans today is furnished by Ann Stringer and Henry Ries, through their picture-book-with-captions, "German Faces." That one of our hardiest potential allies against Communism is the Russian people themselves is the arresting thesis of William A. Wood's new book.*



—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times

"Good Heavens—Scat!"

Remaking the German Menace

ALL HONORABLE MEN. By James Stewart Martin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 326 pp. $3.50.

By DELBERT CLARK

THERE is a singleness of mind in some international business circles amounting to moral myopia which has often been commented upon and which, often in all sincerity, places private economic considerations inevitably ahead of considerations of the public weal. As General Lucius D. Clay remarked, "To some American businessmen an anti-Nazi German is one they knew before the war."

In August 1944 the War Department prepared a handbook for Military Government officers in Germany. Passing lightly over "prevention of future military activity," and with only a perfunctory reference to the gigantic pro-Nazi industrial pyramid, it advised the future occupiers of the Dozen-Year Reich that their goal was "rapid and efficient recovery."

President Roosevelt, who had strong views to the contrary, ordered Secretary Stimson to impound all copies and rebuke the responsible parties. The outcome of his insistence was the famous Directive 1067 of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, a compromise between the extreme proposals of Morgenthau and the equally extreme ideas sponsored by the War Department.

JCS 1067, theoretically effective right up to the formation of the West German Republic, called for a reorganization of the German economy which would remove the extreme emphasis from heavy industry and restore some semblance of balance between producers' and consumers' goods. To facilitate this reform, it stipulated the decentralization of control over German industry and finance.

Scarcely had this order been promulgated when there was set in motion a determined and devious campaign within Military Government to nullify it. By the end of three years the Roosevelt-Truman policy had been quietly throttled in its cradle by physicians who kept reiterating that it was "doing as well as can be expected" and who buried it without so much as a graveside prayer.

How this came about, without a solitary published directive from Washington to sanction it, is the theme of James Stewart Martin's brilliant, exciting book. With enough documentation to satisfy the most exacting research scholar, "All Honorable Men" yet reads like an intricately contrived detective story. Dealing with the most explosive material, Mr. Martin lets his facts for the most part speak for themselves, and these conclusions are inescapable:

1. German heavy industry, as organized, was uneconomic by any legitimate standards, able to exist only by virtue of cartel agreements and Governmental subsidies. It placed at capacity production so severe a strain on German raw materials and transport that Hitler was able to feed and clothe his sixty-six million followers only by looting conquered countries.

2. German big business, dominated by fewer than 100 men, in turn exercised a considerable measure of control over big business in many other countries, including the United States, through patent licensing and production and distribution agreements. It used this power to facilitate Germany's conquest of Europe, to impede American war production, and, once conquest was a fact, to tighten still further its grip on world business.

3. The best thing for Germany and the world would have been the leveling off of this economic pyramid and the restoration of the industrial balance which had existed before World War I. Instead, a clique of American and British financiers with a heavy stake in German industry conspired to sabotage the avowed policy of their governments until the suppressed War Department manual of 1944 came into its own as the bible of the Occupation.

That the tentacles of the German-dominated cartels extended far beyond the borders of Europe, and deep into the heart of American industry, is clear on the record. Among the big American firms involved were Du Pont, General Electric, U.S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel, Republic Steel, and Standard Oil of New Jersey. In the case of Standard Oil the Department of Justice won an antitrust action in 1942, requiring Standard to cease its marketing and patent-pooling arrangements with I. G. Farben. And it developed that while Standard Oil was feeding technical information to Farben the German chemical combine was giving in return incomplete research reports.

Later Standard sued the Alien Property Custodian to recover ownership of a block of Farben shares and 2,000 basic patents it claimed to have bought in good faith before the war. But Farben records showed a secret agreement by which the transfer was actually only a blind, with Farben retaining the right to reclaim the property when it was safe and convenient. The documents in the Farben file were labeled "postwar camouflage." When this came to light, the Circuit Court of Appeals in its opinion for the Government branded Frank A. Howard, vice president of Standard, as "not a credible witness," but no action was taken against him for his "inaccurate summary of the past dealings" with Farben.

Mr. Martin, an antitrust expert in the Department of Justice, was in charge of decartelization in Germany

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from before the end of the war until late July 1947. His own work and that of his colleagues came to exactly nothing but a bitter taste in the mouth.

Mr. Martin wisely observes, as have others before him, that the reaction in Germany was immeasurably hastened by a confusion between what he terms "the postwar" and the cold war, leading presumably intelligent and patriotic men to embrace an evil, however great, so long as it appeared to be a weapon against Russia. Unfortunately for the American tradition, this confusion has not been confined to the administration of occupied Germany.

Delbert Clark, formerly correspondent for The New York Times *in Germany, is author of "Again the Goose Step."*

Talking Pictures

GERMAN FACES. By Ann Stringer and Henry Ries. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 114 pp. $3.

By Hal Lehrman

EVERY good picture tells a story, but this lugubrious gallery of German faces improves brilliantly on the formula. There are children's books that sprout fur and wool, that squeak, bark, or tinkle; here is a picture book for grown-ups only that talks. Opposite every portrait is a page of text, where the subject speaks revealingly for himself. Juxtaposition of close-up photograph and thumbnail interview makes the book come alive. You feel you are conversing with these people, not just reading about them. Credit the man-and-wife correspondents' team of Stringer and Ries (United Press and *The New York Times*) with an artful advance in the techniques of visual communication.

Apart from a few glances at representative leaders in the two Germanies, the camera concentrates on the microcosmic: a gaunt railway station in Berlin, a malignant village in Bavaria, a pile of crumbling flats in Essen, angry heart of the Ruhr. The result is a surgically precise and true dissection of the postwar German soul.

The Anhalter Bahnhof is a "hollow ghost, smelling of death." We find a war widow who kept count while the Russians were raping her; the total was twenty-four times, and the consequence was the blonde little girl waiting there beside her on the station platform. The teen-ager who was a platoon leader in the Hitler Jugend, smug now over his higher rank in the East Zone's Freie Deutsche Jugend. The fräulein going home from a week end with her American boy friend: "Did you ever try having fun with a Russian? Their PX doesn't even have nylons."

The gingerbread mountain village of Mittenwald, a mirror to the failure of Allied Occupation and German "re-education." Its burgomaster, removed for black-marketing, reinstalled through the help of an SA Obergruppenfuehrer and the complacency of an American captain. The deputy mayor, an ex-Wehrmacht officer: "Our biggest problem is to get those DP's out."

"I'm washed out, finished," says the beaten ex-laborer in the ground-floor flat at 109, Friedrich Eberstrasse, Essen. "No income, no insurance, no pension, no work, no schnapps." His neighbor, formerly with the Waffen SS in Poland, fondling a brick in the gaping hole of the staircase: "The other day we got old Mueller. He won't be so eager to help the British cart away our next factory."

The Rieses do not say whether Germany will turn East or West, but they fear that, whichever the direction, the essential nature of the Germans themselves will unhappily endure: "Defeated but never inwardly accepting their defeat, guilty of horrendous crimes but never admitting their shame: these faces are Germany. . . . To a people who respect and admire only strength, who have never really known freedom, democracy is a difficult ware to peddle. . . ."

Author and foreign correspondent, Hal Lehrman has written and lectured extensively on present-day Germany and Central Europe.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ERRORS MADE BY SHERLOCKIAN VILLAINS

Phillip W. Haberman, Jr., of New York City, lists mistakes made by twenty persons whose conduct was successfully analyzed by Sherlock Holmes. Allowing five points for the name of each story in which the errors occurred, a score of sixty is reasonable, seventy-five is regular, and ninety or better is highly irregular. Answers on page 59.

1. A faithless trainer had his wife serve curried mutton on the eve of the crime.
2. A deceiving butler used a girl he had jilted to help him in trying to remove a concealed treasure.
3. A murderer corrected a reward notice in which Holmes had intentionally noted the wrong hour.
4. With all his cunning, a celebrated criminal failed to penetrate Holmes's disguise as an Italian priest, then failed to foresee that Holmes and Watson would leave their train at Canterbury.
5. A deadly marksman was decoyed by the shadow of a wax dummy in the window on Baker Street.
6. An elderly scoundrel planted a fingerprint after the supposed murder had been discovered.
7. A young man put his track shoes on the desk while copying the proof sheets.
8. A learned recluse increased his food consumption, gave Holmes some of his excellent cigarettes, and let him drop the ashes on the carpet.
9. A stalwart fellow tied a sailor knot and forgot to fray the other end of the bell cord.
10. A beautiful lady replaced a drugget backwards after retrieving a purloined document.
11. A duke's grandson stopped paying a pawnbroker four pounds a week for copying the encyclopedia.
12. A hotel attendant failed to observe that another of his sister's geese had a barred tail.
13. A sinister stepfather installed a useless ventilator and a dummy bell rope and left a saucer of milk on the safe.
14. A member of the household made a premature attempt to retrieve the paper he had secreted in his own bedroom.
15. A Chicago criminal was decoyed by a message Holmes wrote in the gang's secret code.
16. A jealous husband used a bit of sailmaker's string to tie a package containing two ears.
17. An international spy put a body on the roof of a train, later returned to London to buy an additional stolen paper.
18. An ingenious murderer, deceived by simulated death agonies, confessed his crimes by gloating over the supposed victim.
19. A murderer who failed to occupy his theatre seat was found painting the inside of his house.
20. An Italian sculptor passed by several houses in order to break a bust under a street lamp.

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The Price of Fear

OUR ALLY: The People of Russia. By William A. Wood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 288 *pp.* $3.

By Louis Fischer

THE AUTHOR of this book is eighty-five years old. During thirteen years—1929 to 1942—except for some intervals in France, Czechoslovakia, and his native America, he worked as an engineer for the Soviet Government. He lived in Moscow and he lived in small Russian towns and he really got beneath the surface of things because he was employed to be on the inside, inside factories and inside the trust which employed him.

Much of the volume is devoted to the troubles and irritations which tormented all foreign engineers in the Soviet Union and diminished their usefulness to the regime. This is an oft-told story, but Wood was in Russia later than most American technicians, and that is the special value of his tale. Moreover, he was a tough customer and his wife was tougher, and both of them, brave, naive, innocently humane, dared to buck the dictatorship. Friction arose when the Woods tried to behave as normal people would in America.

Mr. Wood is six-foot-four, gigantic, ebullient, optimistic, and he made a practice of stepping in where others feared to tread. An addict of the American dogma of production and caught by the excitement of Soviet construction, he wanted to do his best for the Bolshevik regime. But Stalinist terror and Communist inhumanity obstructed his efforts. Experience led him to the conclusion that "the individual is the cheapest thing in Soviet economy. This Soviet policy toward workers in Kolchugino [the town where Wood's factory was located] and elsewhere in Russia shows a carelessness and a cynicism toward the masses which is shocking."

The Woods liked Russian working people; Russian peasants they found "childlike" both in their faith and their suspicions. Mrs. Wood, who had little respect for conventions, declared in the bosom of the family, "This fiendish Government has nothing to offer these wonderful people. Some day the people will find it out."

The people, however, are paralyzed by fear. "Fear stalks this land and there is no heart free from it," Mrs. Wood sizzled. The highest official encountered by Wood as well as the lowliest factory hand was frightened. Indeed, Wood himself trembled on at least one occasion when a GPU secret policeman approached him at a conference of Soviet engineers. "This is it," he thought. "They've got me—they're arresting me." It was an unwarranted alarm. But it shows how any Soviet engineer, in fact any Soviet citizen, feels who lacks the protection of a foreign passport. The result is that the Russian engineer dared not "practise his profession with integrity" for he was "judged politically before he was accepted professionally." It was more important to please the Party than to turn out quality goods. You can please the Party by incantations to Stalin, kowtowing to bureaucrats.

The price of fear and of the purges of the 1930's was high. "Very little progress [in production] was made from April 1937 through December 1940—a period of three years and nine months," Wood writes. "Had there been no purge, Russia would have been vastly better prepared when Hitler attacked." As it is, the Nazi Army penetrated further into Russia than any foreign army in history.

The best thing in this book is the title. Some Soviet citizens were so disaffected and anti-Stalin that they sided with Hitler. It is safe to suppose that many Soviet citizens are completely pro-American. The Kremlin's anti-American propaganda has become so virulent as to be nonsensical; there must be millions of Russians who are too intelligent to swallow it. Besides, after being subjected to Stalinist lies and exaggerations for decades, it is a normal reaction for a Russian to believe the truth is the opposite of what his Government says it is.

One is warranted in assuming considerable good will inside the Soviet Union for the democracies. The fact is that when the Nazi collapse gave Russian prisoners of war and slave laborers in Germany their first opportunity to choose between Stalin and the West hundreds of thousands voted for us. Yet when these anti-Communist Russians come to America and look for work here they are often rejected as Russians.

If the Russian people were on Stalin's side he would scrap the dictatorship. Why don't we treat our ally as an ally?

War III Timetable

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS. By Rear Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias, U.S.N. (Ret.). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 367 *pp.* $3.75.

By Hallett Abend

MANY of the dogmatic statements and dire prophecies in this book would be read with more credence had the author even remotely foreseen the probabilities of an American embroilment in Korea or bothered to analyze the precarious involvement of the United States and the United Nations in the Korean situation even before the outbreak of hostilities on July 25.

Unfortunately for a purportedly "knows-all, sees-all" volume of this kind the name Korea appears only twice in the index. One reference says that the Russians have been busy building up a "new Northern Korean Army," and the other is to the effect that one of the American "largely sentimental alliances" is with Southern Korea.

In a summary of what may be expected in the way of projected Soviet expansion this book, which is subtitled "The Secret History of the Cold War," lists the following zones: Northern Europe, Southern Europe, Western Europe, Turkey and the Persian Gulf area, Afghanistan, the Asia's highlands, and in Southern Asia and the Far East the danger spots are ranked as Hongkong, Viet Nam, Burma, Malaya, India and Pakistan, Indonesia, the Philippines, and Japan. The list does not even refer to Korea.

Admiral Zacharias, who predicted the attack upon Pearl Harbor, was one-time head of the Office of Naval Intelligence. In writing his book the Admiral had assistance from a former Paris newspaper editor named Ladislas Farrago, and they claim to have a private listening post from which they derive inside information.

The most startling piece of secret knowledge which they reveal is to the effect that in January 1949, after vast research and preparation, the Soviet Politburo held an extraordinary session in the Kremlin and adopted a decision to abandon the cold war and fight the United States and the Western democracies to the point of annihilation. The tentative timetable for launching this projected third world war, Admiral Zacharias states, will be between the summer of 1952 and the autumn of 1956. Actual hostilities between the two most powerful nations in the world, says the author, will be preceded by countless crippling strikes in the Western nations and by a series

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of deliberately contrived military clashes with the satellite states in order to make the United States appear as the aggressor.

Much of the book is excellent and provocative reading, and many of the chapters are packed with valuable information skilfully assembled. The pages devoted to an analysis of the present set-up in Indo-China are both factual and timely.

The same cannot be said of the Admiral's evaluation of the relationship between the Peking Communist Government of China and Moscow. The author makes the astonishing declaration that the Russians in Manchuria gave to Mao Tse-tung only enough of the arms which 625,000 Japanese surrendered in 1945 to equip about 20,000 Chinese Communist troops "for a limited campaign against the demoralized forces of Chiang Kai-shek." His theory is that Russian plans in China went wrong, that Moscow hoped that the Chinese Nationalists and Communists would fight to a stalemate, each destroying the strength of the other faction. The amazing conclusion stated is:

> There is some reason to believe that the Kremlin even expected the Nationalists to make a comeback and stay in power. In that case the Communists of Mao would have been relegated to their old cave-dwelling existence in the remoter regions of China.

Chapter 16, "Stalin Deploys His Forces," is one of the most arresting and alarming of the entire book. It reveals that the assignment of Marshal Konstantin K. Rokossovsky to Poland as Minister of Defense and also as commander-in-chief of the entire Polish Army merely set a general pattern, and that other Soviet marshals now actually command all of the armies of all of the satellite states in Eastern and Central Europe. The author terms these the strangest appointments known to history "since Gaius Caligula bestowed the priesthood and a consulship on his horse Incitatus." The alarming fact remains that these satellite forces, combined with the Soviet Russian Army, constitute a total of 2,538,000 officers and men, backed up by about 5,000,000 organized reserves kept under constant training.

American foreign policy is given a blistering review and is condemned as so unrealistic and ineffectual that it will be unable either to avert a war or win one unless fundamentally changed.

Hallett Abend, former China correspondent for The New York Times, *is author of "Chaos in Asia," "Ramparts of the Pacific," and other books.*

Fiction.

With one exception the fiction reviewed this week comes from well-known writers. The exception, "A Burnt Child," a psychiatric novel by a new Swedish novelist, Stig Dagerman, exposes the violent emotions of a young man whose father has supplanted his dead wife with a youthful mistress. In "A Fearful Joy" Joyce Cary succeeds again in presenting a gallery of unique and memorable characters in a long novel of England over the last seventy years. Mary McCarthy's collection of short stories, "Cast a Cold Eye," reveals her brilliant and terrifying talent in exposing the weaknesses of people caught in various dilemmas. Mackinlay Kantor in "Signal Thirty-Two" describes the grim routine of the New York police in the city's worst slum area. Communist intrigue and espionage animate "Catspaw," a novel by Mary Borden, whereas Guatemala turns out to be the real hero of Dan Wickenden's "The Dry Season."

Tangled Emotions of a 20-Year-Old

A BURNT CHILD. By Stig Dagerman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 264 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

THIS intricate, bitter, and searching exploration of the tangled emotions of a twenty-year-old son after his mother's death is Stig Dagerman's first novel to be published in English. The young Swedish author has already made a name for himself in his own country with four other novels and three successfully produced plays. "A Burnt Child" should bring him considerable recognition in this country as a superior talent to be watched closely during the future.

Bengt Lundin and his father, Knut, lead a dreary, troubled life in the cheerless family flat after the mother's sudden death. An only child, Bengt mourns his mother sincerely. He has never been on terms of intimate affection with his father, yet when he finds that his father has a mistress, an attractive woman who sells tickets at the nearby movie house, his jealousy is almost more violent than his sense of injury done to the dead mother. Bengt is engaged to a timorous and colorless young girl, Berit, and it is on her and on his father that he vents his bitter confusion.

Stig Dagerman—"delineation of misery."

At first furtively, then with almost obstinate swagger, the father introduces his mistress into the family life. Half bereft child, half jealous male, Bengt both hates and desires her, and as the months spin themselves out it is from her, not from his father or Berit, that he receives what little comfort comes his way.

So ably are the tortures of the boy's mind—grief, jealousy, love, and uncontrollable hatred—mirrored that the foreboding of violence hangs over every page of this brooding and grim story. So tense, so acute, is the delineation of misery that it is almost frustrating to find at the book's close that not very much has happened, and that we can only make a guess about Bengt's future.

With little plot and less action, this is an extraordinary study of the paralyzing effect of conflicting emotions. While the novel stems unmistakably from the long Scandinavian tradition, its study of tensions and compulsions is freshly modern. A book to be read not so much, possibly, for entertainment as for a revealing study of human nature viewed by the wise and tolerant eyes of a creative artist.

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Jaundiced Eye . . .

CAST A COLD EYE. By Mary McCarthy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 212 pp. $2.75.

By Robert Halsband

AS A satirist and storyteller Miss McCarthy has prodigious gifts. Her first book was "The Company She Keeps," an episodic novel which relentlessly exposed the limbo of the left-wing intelligentsia. Her second, a brief *roman à clef* called "The Oasis," was a dreary excursion into the same parched waste-land. She has written all sorts of things, including coruscating drama reviews, and recently a series of newspaper articles on bohemia after dark—but this last is only spittoon journalism. "Cast a Cold Eye," her third book, shows again that she has a terrifying talent.

Whoever thought the Yeats quotation appropriate as a title is guilty of understatement, for Miss McCarthy casts a distinctly jaundiced eye on all the characters who pass before her, including—and this is her saving grace—herself. Of the seven stories three are pieces in the mode that *The New Yorker* has standardized—thumbnail sketches of eccentric characters overlaid with a bitter-sweet nostalgia. "Luckily, I am writing a memoir and not a work of fiction," she states at one point; but whether or not *that* is an artifice of her fiction, the vivid childhood reminiscences are strung on the same life-line as the autobiographical sections of her first book, and contain the same facts as her publishers' blurbs.

The remaining four stories are, in different ways, brilliant and engrossing virtuoso performances. "The Weeds" shows a woman trapped by her weakness in marriage; "The Friend of the Family" is a long, composite character sketch, a curious throwback to a literary genre popular in the seventeenth century; "The Cicerone" deals with a couple of American innocents abroad, and "The Old Men" tells of the enigmatic death in a hospital of a young man from Harvard.

Compared with her previous books, then, her collection shows a greater variety in her scenes, in her cast of characters (none of them from Central Casting), and a rather more restrained use of fornication as significant action. Her writing has gained even more distinction. Her highly sophisticated and intellectualized prose leads her into fascinating digressions which make her sound like an essayist *manqué*; it also leads her into frequent epigrams, but instead of the shallow verbal sparkle of drawing-room comedy, hers have the psychological penetration of La Rochefoucauld. "The desire to believe the best of people is a prerequisite for intercourse with strangers; suspicion is reserved for friends." Or, flavored with Veblen: "What passes for love in our competitive society is frequently envy." She has an unerring sense for the exact, the devastating, word, making it fall on the eye with the clink of a silver coin on plate glass; and her wide-ranging metaphors are usually stunning, occasionally outrageous. An image like "Mr. Sciarrape, at worst, could only be another banana peel on the vaudeville stage of her history" is almost a gag.

Like Joyce she has been deeply affected by her early religious training even while fleeing from it. Although she has stepped out of the confessional booth to lie down on the analyst's couch she is still on the same quest for the essential, the quintessential self. Her brief incisive pieces are etched with corrosive acid, it is true; but they still have a savage honesty, a bristling sensibility, and at bottom a pitiless humility.

Mary McCarthy—"flavored with Veblen."

Joyce Cary—"no scientific utopias."

. . . & Glad Eye

A FEARFUL JOY. By Joyce Cary. New York: Harper & Bros. 343 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

AT AN AGE when the work of most writers has become a twice-told tale, Joyce Cary continues to produce long novels that are colorful and full of life. He had fought in a Balkan war and the First World War, had studied philosophy, art, law, and history, and had served a term as a civil servant in Africa before he settled down in Oxford to write. Then it was ten years before he produced a book he thought was worth publishing. "The truth was," Mr. Cary says, "that I was still an imitative writer. I had not yet found an idea of life satisfying to myself."

The answer that Mr. Cary seems to have found is that life is worth enduring on any terms whatever, that it is a rich and satisfying experience to be alive at all. All of his major characters have expressed a passion to continue to enjoy to the last drop this miraculous draught. They have, to be sure, an uncommon vigor and bounce that are sometimes wearing on the reader.

They are by no means admirable characters. Sara Monday, who appeared in at least two novels before she wound up her days in "The Horse's Mouth," is a bawdy, country-bred trollop, once the mistress of the old, half-mad artist Gully Jimson, who capers and talks steadily in that hilarious novel. In his latest book, "A Fearful Joy," there is a new and lively cast of characters led by Tabitha Baskett and Harry Bonser, the completely unworthy scoundrel who seduces her with very little difficulty in the first few chapters. These four people, among the scores he has created, reveal Mr. Cary's break with the Victorian writers he sometimes resembles. Dickens might have invented them, but he would have used them as minor characters or for comedy relief. Neither Thackeray nor Meredith would have touched them with a barge pole.

When young Tabitha, somewhere around the Gay Nineties, ran away with Bonser from an appallingly humdrum doctor's family in a London suburb, she fell deeply in love with him. Utterly dishonest and a gaudy liar, he treated her abominably, then abandoned her when he discovered that she was going to have a baby.

Theoretically Tabitha should have gone to the dogs, but instead she becomes the pet of a little group surrounding a wealthy patron. Her child

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is born in Paris, and she marries a somewhat fatuous patron of the modern arts. Like so many of Mr. Cary's people, she has character and vitality. To her amazement she is soon feverishly trying to help edit a daring new magazine and is the center of a circle which includes not only writers, actors, and artists, but peers of the realm and bored fugitives from Mayfair. When this dream explodes, she attracts a titled and elderly manufacturer, who is full of energy and grandiose plans for the future. The truth is that "the new age" is beyond her comprehension. The liberals have won a great election in 1905, and the air is full of revolution and moral violence, with neurotics and cranks of every shade of opinion believing that the millennium has come.

When Sir James dies and it turns out that all his schemes have been merely a prelude to ruin, Tabitha's life is altered again. She runs across her old lover, Bonser, as hearty a drinker and wencher as ever, and finally actually marries him. Bonser has made money in disreputable ways. He invests it in two roadside inns of dubious repute, and again she finds herself madly running about to bring some sanity into her life. Oxford has turned her son into an academic prig. He marries a woman very much like himself and gives Tabitha a granddaughter who turns into a careless slattern. And now she begins to experience the loneliness and neglect of old age.

But she discovers that the old zest for life still burns within her. One day, on a park bench, where the air is filled with the cries of children, she bursts into wild laughter. "The fearful joy" she has sensed at odd moments through her long life seizes her when there is nothing left of her life but this outburst, which is accompanied by an agonizing pain in her heart. "Her whole being," Mr. Cary writes, "prays to be reprieved this once—for a month, a week, till that letter comes from Nancy. It is a primitive cry of the living soul to the master of life, the eternal. 'Oh God,' her blue lips murmur, 'not quite now.' "

This is the final lesson of Mr. Cary's work, that it is worth all the suffering the world can bring merely to be alive, and that this benediction is given only to those who have used their energies and their hearts, however foolishly, for the purpose of enjoyment of the world and the fulfilment of whatever nature has designed them to be. Great works and good deeds do not move him unless they are accompanied by this joy of life. He sees humanity in constant tumult, subject always to violent change and bitter conflict. There are no scientific utopias or nirvanas on his horizon.

A Patient Place, Like Guatemala

THE DRY SEASON. By Dan Wickenden. New York: William Morrow & Co. 437 pp. $3.50.

By Walter Havighurst

WHEN HE was back in the plane again—bound for New Orleans and New York and a prairie town in Illinois—Paul Davey seemed to have been gone longer than six months, longer than the dry season in Guatemala. Outwardly he had little enough to show for that span of time, but things were different in his mind.

In Guatemala a phrase had come back to him—an Old Country proverb, "Labor is the house love dwells in." It came with his observing the Indians, how they worked the earth with love and hand-made tools and patience, as though the meaning of life were centered there. They had no need to make songs or poems or pictures because their life was all one piece, and though they were poor they were whole. It would not occur to ask if they were happy. This is what he had learned during the dry season, and so he could go back to an unromantic farm in Illinois, to the place of his resentment, where he had run away from failure but where he belonged.

Vachel Lindsay once wrote of his native Springfield: "This is the city of my discontent," and Mr. Wickenden's novel shows a young American from the commonplace Midwest coming to terms with his background.

In Guatemala the patience of the Indians emphasizes restlessness of the North Americans. Most of the outsiders who try to live in a patient place like Guatemala are the ones incapable of patience. This contrast gives the novel a serious intent which the characters have not substance enough to support. They are a bright but light-weight lot who sometimes seem to have gotten into the wrong novel.

It is an assortment of fugitives, misfits, and seekers that makes up the little American colony in the mountain village beside Lake Atitlán. Silas Cameron wanting to write something better than his murder stories, and his bright, brittle wife railing against the industrialized United States; Buck Rogers painting the elemental life of the Indians and remembering his school days at Los Alamos before an atomic bomb was dreamed of; Kurt Wessel haunted by a memory of the Jewish pogroms in Germany while he photographs the faces of the poor; Deborah Neill seeking independence from her possessive aunt; Manfred Carr living in feudal isolation in his sumptuous cliff house; Steve Haller talking about his unfinished book on his unfinished trek to Panama, and old, dry, cut-off Mrs. Eckels waiting vainly for the letter that would call her home—these are the people Paul Davey finds himself involved with.

If most of them do not come to clear focus, it is not because they are denied full space and detail. We hear them talking about all kinds of things; we see them painting their pictures, drinking their cocktails, visiting the native festivals, dealing with the "turistas" and the natives. But the background is stronger than they are. Even Paul Davey keeps fading out. Once Debby Neill thinks: "There was a vagueness in him," and she seems to say it for the reader. It is true that Paul came to Guatemala without motive, but in "The Dry Season" Guatemala appears to be the chief character.

Mr. Wickenden's interest in the country seems to have guided his choice of incident. He takes his party of Americans to the festival at Chichicastenango and then on a graphically narrated journey through almost impassable country to the ancient village of Copán with its magnificent Mayan ruins. Everywhere his people go they are shown against "the per-

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Voltaire: Toujours Touché

A Classic Revalued

LEWIS GALANTIERE

IT GOES without saying that the eighteenth-century European intellectual was by our standards simple-minded. He believed in progress; he believed in reason; he believed, as John Stuart Mill wrote about his own father, that if the whole population were taught to read, they would adopt the right opinions, and if allowed to vote, would elect legislators who would enact those right opinions into law. We know better than that. We know that reason plays a small part in most men's formulation of opinion and no great part in the drafting of legislation. Yet it must be conceded that compulsory education, a free press, and the extension of the franchise have, somehow, promoted an incalculable amount of beneficial legislation. We may disdain belief in progress as unphilosophic, but progress is a matter of record. We know that an actuary of circa 1750 judged the life expectancy of a Parisian to be twenty-five years and that an actuary of our day will give an American sixty-seven years; and while a philosopher may argue that the added forty-two years are not worth having, yet men still prefer life to death and are not sorry to have those years. We may like to think that the legislators of two centuries ago were better educated than those of today (an assumption open to doubt, even if we have Senators McCarthy and Wherry in mind), but they did think it right, for example, that a man should be hanged for stealing more than five shillings' worth of property; even McCarthy and Wherry do not believe that.

—*Boris Artzybasheff.*

Voltaire

This is the sort of thing that Voltaire fought against, and he fought with a blade whose steel was so finely tempered, with a wrist so muscular and agile, that no opponent could defeat him. He always took the offensive, and with a vigor that must throw the opponent off his guard. How could the Church answer a man who began his attack thus: "I had a violent dispute the other day with a rogue who, instead of attending my Mass, had amused himself by helping an afflicted family and preserving them from a most deplorable fate. I tried to bring him to his senses by citing Genesis and talking to him of Moses. And did not the vile fellow retort by quoting Newton to me and asking if Genesis was not written long after the event, in the time of the Jewish kings?"

The Church comes in, not because Voltaire was an atheist; he was not. He was capable of blaspheming Jesus Christ, but nobody defended more forcefully the idea that God exists. The Church comes in because the bishops of Voltaire's age and country were not playing the role played by the bishops of the early Church: they were not ministering to the miserable, protecting the poor, defending the oppressed. And because the French prelacy did not hearken to Voltaire the Church came off worse than any of the orders against which the French Revolution in its final phase most violently raged. It lost what in its aberration it held most dear, which was its property; and it lost also what in its heedlessness it took too much for granted, the submissiveness of its flock. If half of Catholic France remains stubbornly anticlerical in sentiment, the explanation is to be found in the subjects of the battles fought by Voltaire—the Calas Case, the case of the Chevalier de la Barre, and the rest.

Among the things which Voltaire was not are the following: He was not a debauchee. It isn't that he was chaste on principle, merely that he was frail and devoid of appetite. He delighted in the company of intelligent, or at least admiring, females, but he used them as little as he used bodily exercise. His recreations were conversation, play-reading in the drawing room when he was not well, play-acting on his private stage when he felt up to it. Otherwise his whole life was the life of the mind applied to the social and moral problems that vexed his world.

Another thing he was not is an epigrammist. He had a clear, rapid, wide-ranging (though not profound) mind. He was a delicious ironist. He thrust into every verbal opening with lightning speed. But his wit depends for its effect upon a situation, and can best be savored in the context in which it is uttered. His brightest verbal jewels lose some of their luster when removed from their setting. There are, of course, glittering quips to be found in the fifteen million words he wrote, but they are not minted and polished like the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, nor calculated and worldly like those of Oscar Wilde; they are incidental sparks that fly the while this serious workman sharpens his knife, and it is the edge, not the sparks, he cares about.

Finally, he was not a revolutionist. Though chance willed that he grow up in the highest society of his age and though, on the other hand, his demon impelled him to rush to the defense of the humble, he did not think of the common people as the repository of all wisdom and all goodness. He cared little for politics, much for

(*Continued on page 65*)

"Compose some odes in praise of My Lord Superbus Fadus, some madrigals for his mistress; dedicate a book on geography to his doorkeeper, and you will be well received; enlighten mankind, and you will be exterminated."

—"PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY."

In Print

Though most of Voltaire's gigantic output is out of print in English translation, a serviceable sampling can be found in "The Portable Voltaire" (Viking, $2). This compact volume includes substantial excerpts from the "Philosophical Dictionary" and the "Letters" as well as the complete "Zadig" and Part One of "Candide." "Candide" is also published by Everyman's Library (Dutton, 95¢), which uses the Smollett translation, and by the Modern Library ($1.10). Selections from the "Letters on the English" make up a volume in the Folio Society series (Duschnes, $2.95).

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SRL Reader Poll

IN WAR AND PEACE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week* The Saturday Review of Literature *introduces a new feature. We believe* SRL *readers comprise one of the most thoughtful and best informed groups of people in the country. We are continually impressed by the letters written us on an endless variety of subjects, both serious and light. Therefore we have decided to carry the* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *page one step further by regularly polling a representative cross-section of our readers on developments in the news or in such specific fields as international relations, literature, education, the arts, communications, entertainment, or general ideas. In this space we shall then present through tabulations, brief analysis, and selected comments from the poll results a composite of reader views.*

THE ARMED intervention of the United States in Korea, with the formal sanction of the United Nations, is by far the greatest news event of 1950 to date in the opinion of an overwhelming majority (90 per cent to be exact) of the *SRL* readers who responded to the first polling of our subscribers. No other development in this critical year, either domestic or international, was even a runner-up. The frenzied efforts of Senator Joseph McCarthy (Rep.-Wisconsin) to tar the State Department and the Truman Administration with the combined sins of Communism and homosexuality received top billing as the "most discouraging" news of the year. In fact, Senator McCarthy's personal witch-hunt even surpassed the "filibustering" tactics at the U. N. Security Council of Soviet Russia's burly spokesman, Jacob Malik, in depressing *SRL* readers about the state of the world. And the action of the United Nations in deciding to resist the military aggression of the North Korean satellite of Soviet Russia was named by 77 per cent of the *SRL* respondents as the "most encouraging" news thus far in 1950.

Here a seeming paradox of considerable significance enters. In answering a parallel question about Korea, an impressively, or perhaps depressingly, large proportion of *SRL* readers registered their view that the outbreak of open hostilities in the Far East has made World War III inevitable.

Two conclusions seem to emerge from this paradox: (1) A substantial proportion of informed people in this country believe so deeply in some organized form of world order that they welcome strong United Nations action against aggressors even at the risk of another world war. (2) People believe that unchecked aggression anywhere leads to war, and that the challenge of an expanding imperialism should be faced now, not postponed.

This belief in the need for strong, positive leadership for peace was also in evidence among the clear majority (59 per cent) of *SRL* readers who believe that a new world war can be averted despite the eruption in Korea. This majority strongly and significantly qualified their opinion, however, with the condition that the United States quickly generate maximum military strength and provide determined leadership for beleaguered forces of the West in the cold war.

In the midst of the increasing cold-war tension *SRL* readers were plainly disposed to hope (or at least wish) for a Soviet-American understanding within the United Nations which would bring real peace to Korea, and to men everywhere. This thought was phrased in various ways in answers to the question "What news story would you most like to read in your newspaper before the end of 1950?"

Four representative readers of *SRL* replied in the following veins, which reflected the views of 78.2 per cent of those answering:

Henry Steele Commager, historian and Columbia University professor, wrote: "A solution to the cold war and an agreement to prohibit the use of the atom bomb that had some sanctions behind it."

J. R. Wiggins, managing editor of the *Washington Post*, said: "Peace in Korea with united Korean rule under U.N. trusteeship."

Joseph Wood Krutch, author and teacher, said: "That Russia had suggested calling off the cold war—and not exclusively on her own terms."

Louis Levand, publisher of the *Wichita* (Kan.) *Beacon*, replied: "The story most liked to be read in newspapers before the end of 1950 would be the end of hostilities everywhere, and a sincere effort on the part of all nations to live in peace."

There were other stories which a number of readers selected, however, as the ones they would most like to read. Runner-up, with the support of 12.5 per cent of *SRL* respondents, was a story reporting the "overthrow of the Communist regime in Soviet Russia and the installation of a democratic government."

Tabulation of individual questions discussed thus far gave these results:

"What is the most important news story you have read thus far in your newspaper during 1950?"

U.N. and U.S. action in Korea	90.0%
Conviction of the eleven U.S. Communist leaders	3.1%
Miscellaneous	6.2%

"What is the most encouraging news story you have read thus far in your newspaper during 1950?"

U.N. and U.S. action in Korea	77.0%
Failure of Senator McCarthy to substantiate his wild charges against the Truman Administration, and the limited support he received from Congress	6.3%
President Truman's order to General MacArthur to withdraw his statement on Formosa and the President's repudiation of Navy Secretary Matthews's preventive war speech	9.4%
Miscellaneous	7.3%

(One answer under Miscellaneous was: Recovery of the Boston Red Sox.)

"Do you think, taking into consideration the Korean conflict and the general international situation, that World War III can be averted or is inevitable?"

Can be averted	59%
Is inevitable	41%

"What is the single most important step you think the United States can and should take at this time to prevent World War III?"

Develop maximum military strength	50%
Give full support to the United Nations	33%
Advocate universal disarmament	8%
Other	9%

Marquis Childs, widely syndicated newspaper columnist, commented in

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replying to his questionnaire that he believed another general war could yet be averted "if American strength is marshaled with sufficient speed and earnestness." He added that to halt the gathering momentum toward war this country "should build military strength here at home and in Western Europe during the next nine to twelve months." As for Soviet Russia, Mr. Childs declared that the most effective contribution to world peace the Kremlin could make at this juncture would be to "call for an end of the Korean war and for the withdrawal of the North Koreans back behind the 38th Parallel on the private assurance that the seating of the Chinese Communist Government by the United Nations will be favorably considered."

Mr. Childs seemed to reflect the prevailing opinion among *SRL* readers on Soviet policies for peace or war, as the following shows:

"What is the single most important step you think Soviet Russia can and should take at this time to prevent World War III?"

Support the United Nations in general and Korea in particular	33%
End Soviet aggression	28%
Remove "Iron Curtain"; permit free exchange of news and information	17%
Stay within own sphere of influence	17%
Other	5%

Senator McCarthy can lay a dubious claim to fame through being the author of the only domestic political development that could compete with the Korean crisis for the attention of *SRL* readers.

His circus in the Senate, featuring unsubstantiated charges of Communism and perversion in high places in the State Department, and the support he received from responsible Republican leaders, such as Senator Taft of Ohio, were regarded by 25 per cent of *SRL* readers as the "most discouraging" news of 1950.

One aspect of the Korean conflict and the general international crisis was singled out for comment by Cleveland Amory, author of the best-selling "The Proper Bostonians." Mr. Amory believes that there is not sufficient understanding in this country of the ideological nature of the world crisis and he expressed his personal discouragement over "the news story which told that a very high percentage of our troops fighting in Korea did not know what they were fighting for."

For his choice of the news he would most like to read before the end of the year Mr. Amory chose the passage by Congress of a joint resolution defining as one fundamental objective of the foreign policy of the United States the development of the United Nations into a world federation open to all nations "with limited powers adequate to preserve peace and prevent aggression through the enactment, interpretation, and enforcement of world law."

To the question "What is the most discouraging news story you have read thus far during 1950" the detailed breakdown of answers showed:

Senator McCarthy's unsubstantiated attack on the State Department and the responsible Republican support he received	25.0%
Russian uncooperativeness on peace, and particularly the filibustering of Soviet Representative Malik as chairman of the U.N. Security Council	18.8%
The Korean invasion	15.6%
The onslaught of North Korean troops against young, untrained troops in the opening phases of the Korean war	12.5%
Lack of unity among Administration and Congressional leaders	6.3%
Russia's successful propaganda in the Far East	3.1%
Miscellaneous (widely scattered)	18.7%

When asked "What is the single most important step you think you as a citizen can and should take at this time to prevent World War III?" approximately 47 per cent answered in favor of a vital, constructive interest in government, including the obligation to vote intelligently.

On the question of rigorous wartime controls *SRL* readers showed themselves by a substantial majority ready to accept much stricter Government regulation than has been proposed by President Truman and his Administration. They replied as follows to the question "Do you favor, in general, the all-out wartime controls over prices, wages, production, profits, etc., urged by Bernard Baruch or the less stringent interim measures recommended by President Truman for dealing with the crisis created by the Korean conflict?"

All-out controls	61%
Limited controls	39%

The minority favoring limited controls were largely concerned about all-out controls as a threat to our democratic processes. A voice for this minority was raised by Merle Miller, author of "That Winter" and "The Sure Thing" and numerous magazine articles. Mr. Miller stood in determined opposition to full controls at this time, declaring: "Democracies always surrender to all-out controls reluctantly and tardily . . . This is, to be sure, a highly dangerous procedure, but it's the one I favor. . . We aren't yet, thank God, in a full-scale, all-out war . . . Let's save the all-out controls, then. . . ."

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

—*Ben Pinchot.* —*Erich Hartmann.* —*Harris & Ewing.*

Joseph Wood Krutch: call off the cold war. **Henry Steele Commager: "prohibit the A-bomb."** **Cleveland Amory: our troops are in the dark.** **Merle Miller: "save the all-out controls."** **Marquis Childs: "build military strength here."**

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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NO

A NUMBER of the nation's leading thinkers came together recently at Columbia University and asked each other why it is that democracy should be on the defensive today throughout the world. They tried to think through the problem of giving democracy more dynamism and magnetism in its appeal to the world's peoples. What democracy needs, many of them concluded, is a dynamic ideology of its own to combat fast-moving Communism.

Julian Huxley, in a recent issue of *Harper's*, comes up with much the same answer. In the long run, he says, ideological weapons are more potent than physical ones.

"The East possesses a powerful weapon in the shape of revolutionary Communism," he wrote. "But the West has as yet no single ideology which unites it—only a mixture of partial ideologies—such as various brands of religion and theology, the American way of life, parliamentary democracy, the cult of the common man, and the welfare state, which more or less cancel each other out in an eddy of confusion, instead of providing a single driving force."

This summons to all-out ideological warfare is not new. It has been a recurrent theme ever since Nazism went on the march seventeen years ago, attracting or absorbing millions of people. There has been a growing realization that it is not only the pushing power but the pulling power of totalitarianism that must be understood and combated. And today, with 800,000,000 under Communist governments as against 200,000,000 only five years ago, there is greater concern than ever before over the need to shine up the democratic ideal so that its glint can catch the eyes of people now being drawn the other way.

But no such dynamic counter-ideology has developed. Indeed, there is reason to doubt that it will. The answer perhaps is to be found in the nature of democracy itself. For democracy in its most fundamental sense is a denial of the very elements that go into the making of a dynamic ideology—if what we mean by a dynamic ideology is a clearly defined and ordered system of political theory and objectives.

Totalitarianism is made to order for a dynamic ideology. It cannot live without it. Totalitarianism requires a continuing supply of pat theory and dogma which cannot be examined piece by piece but which must be accepted in a neatly tied bundle. Ideology also gives totalitarianism its forward thrust towards fixed aims, with a steam-roller approach to critical forces in its path or within itself. One of the essentials of democracy, however, is its own lack of dogma. Its principal strength is not in uniformity but in diversity. It is based on the inevitability of differences—differences of people themselves, differences of opinions and beliefs, differences in methods and objectives—but differences that have to compete for public favor in the open marketplace of ideas. This right to differences directly violates one of the central requirements of a dynamic ideology: the obligation to conform.

There is an even greater difficulty than this, however, in the way of creating a positive ideology for democracy. The principal values of democracy are negative. Basically, democracy is a philosophy of magnificent restraints. Those restraints operate primarily upon government itself. There is the logical belief that power is a natural invitation to tyranny, and that therefore the only safe repository of ultimate power is in the people themselves. Only the most rigorous system of checks and balances can protect the people against the natural tendency of government to conceal its errors and increase its prerogatives.

THUS democracy is the only political philosophy that entitles and enables the individual to say "no" to government—and get away with it. Indeed, the one word most expressive of democracy is "no." Democracy says "no" to the government that would invade natural rights of the individual or the group. It says "no" to the government that would push people around, even though this may mean that the people can push the government around. The American Constitution is more specific concerning what shall *not* be part of the structure of government than it is concerning what shall. The words "no" or "not" are conspicuous in every article and section. Nowhere are those two words more in evidence than in most of the clauses of the Bill of Rights:

Article I. Congress shall make *no* law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Article II. A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall *not* be infringed.

Article III. *No* soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner, *nor* in the time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Article IV. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall *not* be violated, and *no* warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Article V. *No* person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger;

Garment of Mortality

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

WHEN young, this self in which I'm dressed
Quite often bound me and oppressed,
Strange and unsupple, breathless tight,
Inclined to gall and pinch and bite.

But now, accustomed as my skin,
No longer new, well broken-in,
I wear myself without a bruise,
Easy as old familiar shoes.

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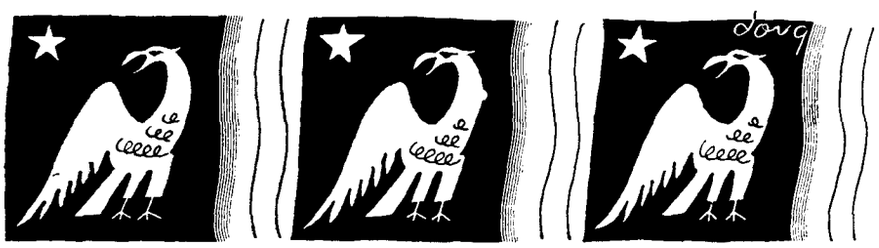
nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; *nor* shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, *nor* be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; *nor* shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

ARTICLE VI. In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

ARTICLE VII. In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and *no* fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.



ARTICLE VIII. Excessive bail shall *not* be required, *nor* excessive fines imposed, *nor* cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

ARTICLE IX. The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall *not* be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

ARTICLE X. The powers *not* delegated to the United States by the Constitution, *nor* prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

This is not to say that democracy lacks affirmative values. The affirmative values are many and varied, but they all rest on a solid bedrock of restraints upon government. It is no discredit to democracy to say that restraints are not the stuff of which a dynamic ideology is made—again using the word ideology in its combative sense. Totalitarian ideology can be superimposed upon a nation, since its principal ingredient is force. But free government can never be superimposed or exported or bought over or under the counter. It comes from within or it doesn't come at all. Because of this it is never exactly the same. Since the perfect democracy does not exist, there is no absolute yardstick for the measurement of a standardized democratic government. Some democracies are further developed than others and along different lines. When America talks democracy to the rest of the world, it talks about itself, the result being that what we say is a compound of political experience and a description of American civilization. When Britain talks about democracy, it brings in the stabilizing factor of monarchy and the economic reforms of democratic socialism. When Sweden talks about democracy, it bears the authentic imprint of Swedish history.

It would be difficult, however, to get all Americans to agree that the present British Government has anything to do with democracy at all. Some of our British cousins entertain similar doubts about us. And even within the United States, democracy as practised and defined, let us say, by Senator Joseph McCarthy, is hardly recognizable alongside that of Senator Estes Kefauver. But the biggest complication of all is presented by Soviet Russia. Communist propaganda is invariably carried out in the name of democracy, too. Russia doesn't refer to herself as a Communist totalitarian state but as a functioning democracy.

For all these reasons — and doubtless a great many more — it is not likely that democracy will develop a unified, clear-cut, dynamic ideology. Does this mean that the free world is helpless in the war of ideas against totalitarianism? Certainly not. Our assets are in diversity. Let's put them to work. We can capitalize on the lack of any packaged dogma. We can stand for the right of peoples to say "no" to the abuses of government. We can oppose the master-slave relationship whether between man and his government or between man and man. We can make it clear that we are not in the business of attempting to export democracy, but neither are we disinterested bystanders in the struggle of people to resist totalitarian encroachments. And we can measure democracy elsewhere not in exclusively American terms but in terms that bear some practical relationship to conditions under which democracy in the rest of the world has to come into being and exist.

Finally, and most important of all, we can do a great deal to prove to the peoples of the world that we can fight the threat of Communism at home without frenzy and foolishness, and without imitating and adopting the worst features of the ideology we profess to loathe. —N. C.

Good News

▸ A person may be able to marry or get a divorce under uniform laws in any state if a newly organized group succeeds in its aims. The Interprofessional Commission on Marriage and Divorce Laws was incorporated as a nonprofit educational organization under sponsorship of the American Bar Association. The fourteen-member commission said its objective is preparation of a model uniform act or series of acts on marriage and divorce for submission to state legislatures. Studies will be made of family life and existing laws. In the words of the commission, these laws should be "preventive, rather than punitive, of marriage and family failure; constructive not destructive, of marriage; and helpful, not harmful, to the individual partners."

▸ In Orlando, Florida, Negroes will vote in a city election for the first time in history. The city council approved a primary election which will allow the Negro to vote. The white voters' executive committee, which has run elections for forty years, disbanded.

▸ In eight years as a junk dealer in the town of Mablethorpe, England, seventy-two-year-old Bill Brownlow amassed savings of some $18,000. Now he is using the money to build homes for the aged. For six new bungalows he already has chosen six old men and their families and promised them they can live in the houses — without paying rent — after next Christmas. "Twelve hours a day for eight years, pushing the cart around for junk—worth it, wasn't it?" Brownlow asks.

▸ The telegraph link between India and Japan was reopened August 17 after nearly nine years. Japan's Minister for Telecommunications believes the new service will greatly contribute to the promotion of commercial and friendly relations between the two nations.

▸ Radio sets for school broadcasting are being sent from Norway to Singapore and Malaya. They were bought with funds raised during a United Nations Appeal for Children. Part of the proceeds of this appeal was handed over to UNESCO, which announced the gift as part of its program of educational reconstruction in territories whose school equipment had suffered badly during the war.

▸ A Montreal motorist was fined $20 because his car splashed a pedestrian. Civilized people, those Canadians!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Here Lies America

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SRL's annual education survey, and in particular the leading article by Ernest O. Melby ["Education and the Defense of America," SRL Sept. 9], have provoked a spirited denunciation from Philip Wylie, essayist and novelist. Following Mr. Wylie's challenging remarks are a reply by Dr. Melby and letters from other readers.*

Philip Wylie

SIR: To listen these days to educators is a little revolting; it is like listening to a funeral oration from the lips of the assassin or, perhaps more accurately, to a plan for a next war offered by the men whose stupidities, arrogances, irresponsibilities, and lack of zeal lost the last one. The sermon of Ernest O. Melby in the recent "educational" issue of *SRL* [Sept. 9] was no exception.

These gentlemen, and they are all nice chaps, tell us that what we need is more freedom, democracy, brotherhood, a greater concern for individual dignity and worth, along with a larger sympathy for suffering and want. Okay here. They also point out that we Americans, as the defenders of liberty, are drawn up in ideological warfare against Soviet materialism and that only a nobler concept leading to nobler behavior will prevail against the ignoble thesis of Marx and its unsavory exploitation in Russia. Again, okay. The qualities of which we require more, they say, are those which will undo the Red dialectic. True, still. And there is, they finally claim, a tragic lack of those qualities in the American community, which educators should seek to replace with new and better ideals of freedom, brotherhood, dignity, et al.

It is there that the gorge of the honest observer rises. The tense is wrong. A few educators slap the wrists of their colleagues or bite their own nails anxiously. But almost none seems to appreciate that our schools and colleges for the past quarter century (and more) *have failed* to embody or to teach those virtues, ideals, ideas, and attitudes—the lack of which has brought us to what they call the "present crisis."

American education at all levels has forgotten, neglected, or abandoned the core of American philosophy, the reason for American existence. And, since "education" is a mere abstraction, it is the educators who have failed. They are the custodians of the idea. They have charge of the children, the adolescents, the young men and women. They, each by each, are given the clear and constant duty. And they cannot sensibly discuss what *ought* to be done in the light of palpable crisis until they have seen the majestic vacuum left by them in the last two or three generations.

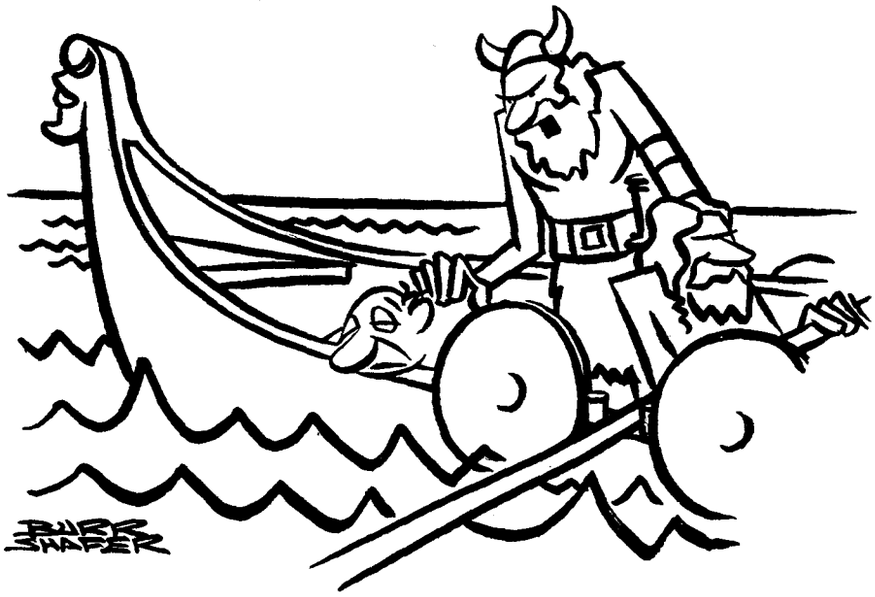
They are the active custodians of freedom. They have special custody of the freedom of knowledge. And freedom of knowledge—the right of every man who desires to learn anything and everything that is known—is the only absolute of liberty and the source of all the other "liberties." Freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, the free and secret ballot—these are meaningless unless those who use them are first able and willing to know what is known. The ideal of liberty came into being for that end and purpose. "Democracy" is but one corollary, the logical assumption that in a properly informed group the majority will make proper decisions for the whole. Individual dignity and worth stem similarly from that right to unlimited access to all knowledge; for wherever access is limited regimentation commences and dignity shrivels. Again, equality and brotherhood arise as possibilities only through freedom of knowledge—all knowledge to all persons; with disadvantage to a group, a creed, a person, neither equality nor brotherhood exist.

Freedom of knowledge is so much the implicit condition of our Constitution that its authors (alas!) did not think it necessary to name it. And that freedom—the source, the wellspring, the base, the absolute of all the rest—to persist must be the most intensely defended of our rights. It follows, then, that the schools and colleges—which is to say the educators—exist primarily to embody, to teach, and, whenever necessary, to defend freedom of knowledge.

If anybody thinks the educators have done that he had best abandon thinking right now. Even the educators realize the job has not been done although they do not realize how much the failure is their own. A book could be written (and should) on each of the major charges for which the educators are liable. There is room here for a mere notice of a few of them:

At the top education in no sense embodies democratic ideas. The universities and colleges are themselves hierarchal and take maximum pride in a pecking order which imbues a graduate of, say, Harvard and Pennsylvania, or MIT and Georgia Tech, with very special and permanent attitudes vis-à-vis one another. Within each institution the four years divide into another pecking order with national rituals of silly persecution designed to beget a sillier superiority. The professor is likely to be a petty tyrant and a specialist who is more devoted to implanting his opinions than to inculcating the notion of the freedom of knowledge, the critical method, or the faculty of logic. And each college, each university has such a pompous concept of itself as to give the majority of its graduates the notion that they *are* "educated" (as if it were possible for anyone to be truly educated in twenty-one or twenty-two years!) so that very few degree-holders continue the study of anything (save how to Make Money). The result is that any sample of college men and women netted out of any American community consists of an "elite" of the ignorant, the nitwitted, the misinformed, the uninformed, the nonetheless assured and positive.

Higher education regards itself as Learning rather than what it is, a last chapter in how to learn and an incentive to keep up with what is discovered during the rest of the graduate's life. Here, then, is not a sense of knowledge but of mere prestigiousness; and whatever democracy means, it is not much exemplified in that. Democracy, indeed, is a word many of our educators should be forbidden to use until they have re-earned the right. Brotherhood is another. If they doubt that harsh assertion, let them



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Up, man! Who ever heard of a seasick Viking?"

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ask how a bright Jew fares when he or she applies for entrance in their school —let alone a bright Negro. And if the educators disclaim responsibility for discrimination, attribute it to "trustees"—who are the trustees but their own students, a few decades after graduation, grown heavy with dough and immobilized by prejudice? In this crucial area the Communists have our pedagogues and our people by the short hair. For here, in sober fact, all we say about freedom, brotherhood, equality is bushwah. And all we say about Christianity, to boot.

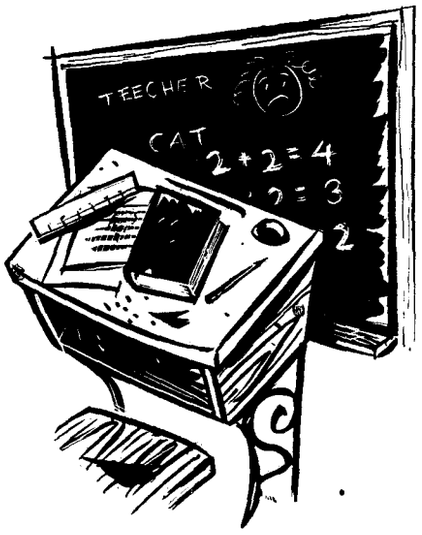
Such noble argument is perhaps too lofty. On the simple grounds of ethics the American colleges and universities are rotted out. With the exception of a handful, no institution of higher learning can turn out a graduate who has not been exposed to a full quadrennium of indoctrination in commercialism, veniality, and moral hypocrisy. Nearly all educators have accepted as more important than integrity football money. Consciously or unconsciously, the undergraduate discovers that his alma mater regards mazuma as more desirable than honor—and that lesson is later everywhere cashed in on. It is a suitable foundation stone for the immorality and amorality of American business, industry, labor, government, legislation, politics, and home life. The American college is crooked. Why should its graduates be honorable? Indeed, how can they be?

The higher educators are not democratic and they are not honest, by and large. They share a yet greater shame. As custodians of freedom, and of the freedom of knowledge in particular, they are obliged to defend to the very death the right of the individual to access to knowledge. I repeat, that right is the agreed-on base of our society and way of life. It *is* liberty, the whole of it in so far as the spirit and/or intellect may be concerned.

Educators, in a passion to educate, to have hordes of students study something under them even if reason and principle must be abandoned to acquire the hordes, no longer even attempt to teach the right of man to know. And long ago they gave up the obligation of vigilance implicit in their custody of knowledge. Freedom of knowledge is *fundamental Americanism*. It precludes *in itself* any "right" of any minority to interfere with or to abrogate the principle. Yet the educators knuckle to every sort of idiot pressure group, and to every sort of doctrine—firing teachers and professors for heresy, banning books or not putting them into the library, censoring undergraduate opinion, permitting the excision of great blocks of knowledge from the curriculum by local, state, and, now, Federal legislatures, striking out this fact to satisfy Fundamentalist Baptists and that vast body of information to suit the Roman Catholic dogma, yonder experiments owing to the antivivisectionist whim of a donor, and finally, today, on national order, drawing the curtain wholly across the one good principle they still had a grip on, inquiry into the nature of matter.

If this is freedom of knowledge, if this is education, then this is still the middle of the Dark Ages and a darkening middle.

All such dismal behavior as described above, continued through the decades, has resulted in an American-



people-in-being who have no idea whatsoever of the nature, needs, and obligations involved in the center of freedom: freedom to know. Had the people understood the philosophical center of all that meaningful "Americanism" means we would not be in any crisis today. And the reason we would not perfectly describes the degree of alienation of contemporary Americans from real Americanism.

Had our sense of the importance of the freedom of knowledge been conscious and active in 1945 and 1946 we, the people, would not have let Russia, or any other nation, so act as to compel us to impound at home the abstract science of physics. Working through the United Nations, or without it, we would have rejected the decision of the Soviets to remain a scientifically curtained country simply because it would oblige us to curtain off a growing amount and variety of our own knowledges from ourselves. Faced, as we were, with the alternatives of compelling an "open" world, a safe and inspected world, or accepting an iron curtain for knowledge at home, we would not have hesitated. And we would never had made the choice we did make. We would have seen the Soviet position as the very blade of aggression, which it was. We would have seen it not as a "menace" to our liberty but as the *ruination* of our liberty, which it now is. We would just as soon have accepted compulsory and exclusive indoctrinization in Marxianism in our public schools as the infamous thing we did accept: a black-out in America of the principle of the freedom of knowledge.

It is ironical, it is even amusing (if a cosmic pratfall can be the source of mirth) that, at the real time of crisis, we could have kept our liberty without cost or pain and would this day be living in a peaceful, fabulous world busy changing over from the age of electricity to the age of atomic power. For the challenge came when we happened to be the most powerful nation, militarily, on earth; and the challenge was made by a nation devastated by war, decimated, dislocated, smashed, and debilitated. All we needed to meet it was a free people, aware of the nature and obligations of freedom, vigilant—that is, ready to stand for our one unique and binding principle.

But almost no one in America at the time saw the issue in those real and true terms. Even the physicists, whose very own and special knowledge was about to be lost to liberty, did not see. They were nervous, apprehensive, and afraid. If there was going to be a black-out of free knowledge, they wanted a civilian rather than a military cloak around their knowledge. They were great scientists; among them were almost no great men. That is what history will say about them. They flunked when the heart of freedom was the issue. Robert Oppenheimer admits to a sense of "sin." There is the sin: the permitted rape of freedom. Every physicist, every educator, every loyal American should have seen the issue. The nearest anyone came, save half a dozen in the articulate population, was to mutter about the advisability of a "preventive" war. What is "preventive" about any defense of freedom's heart? And yet—liberty was buried without a struggle, almost without a syllable spoken in its defense—and to disinter the body now may take decades, along with corpses by the tens of millions. There's the gauge of the failure of the educators.

On every level they have assented to the bastardization of the chief principle of which they had the custody. The idea that it is "democratic" to educate everybody has brought about in public schools a wilful sabotage of the standards and values of education. Any Mongoloid idiot, if he sits long enough at a desk, can get a high-school diploma. He does not even have to learn to read acceptably. His examinations will not be inquiries into what he knows, but hints that will enable him to turn ignorance into a passing mark. He will not have to learn history or languages or mathematics; his high-school "education" need amount to nothing more than an industrial apprenticeship or insight into the manipulation of farm machinery.

It is no wonder, then, that the average American knows nothing of liberty: the physicists knew nothing and they were the most "educated" men we had. And it is no wonder the average American is a cheat and a crook. He was taught the basic hypocrisies by example and through practice at school. And, of course, the sacred little people *are* crooks, nowadays. Take your car, your radio to one of them for repair and, as the saddest of all sad surveys show, he will gyp you almost a hundred times out of a hundred!

The "educator" is fundamentally to blame for all this and for much more that the needed books could point out. He is to blame for spending decades in argument over pedagogical method while basic principle languished. He is to blame for failing to investigate the new sciences of man, the sciences of anthropology and of psychology, which would have shown him that his concern with method was at best metaphysical and usually extraneous and absurd. But most of all he is to blame for ceasing to be that dignified and worthy individual he talks about so much, that freedom-knowing, freedom-defending, freedom-teaching, fire-breathing, brotherly guy who is the true American. He is to blame for abandoning leadership, for assenting to cogship in a machine, for refusing, teacher by teacher and professor by professor, to dissent when dissent was the only honest course open to him. He is to blame for trying to satisfy

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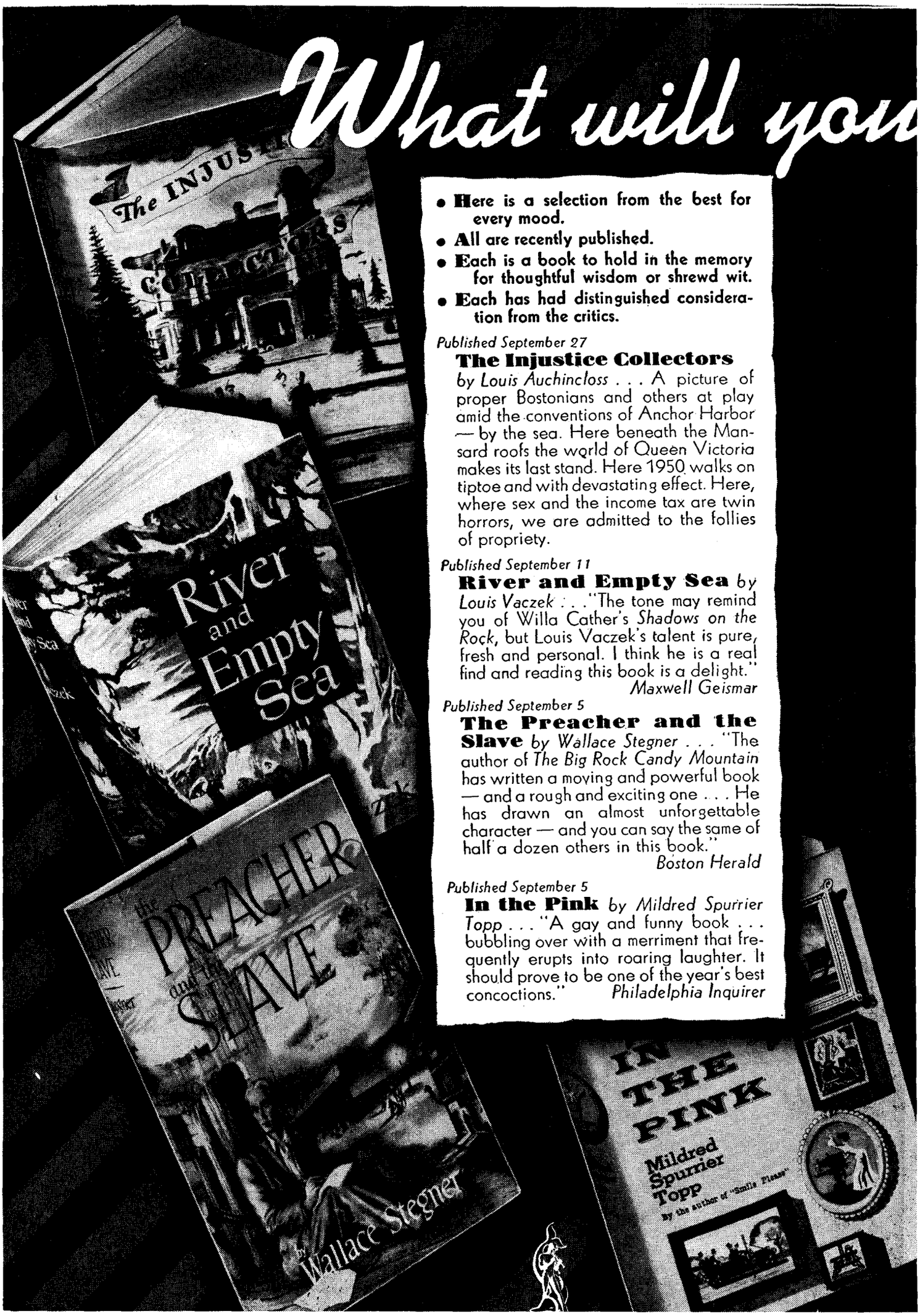

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Published September 27

The Injustice Collectors *by Louis Auchincloss* . . . A picture of proper Bostonians and others at play amid the conventions of Anchor Harbor — by the sea. Here beneath the Mansard roofs the world of Queen Victoria makes its last stand. Here 1950 walks on tiptoe and with devastating effect. Here, where sex and the income tax are twin horrors, we are admitted to the follies of propriety.

Published September 11

River and Empty Sea *by Louis Vaczek* . . . "The tone may remind you of Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock*, but Louis Vaczek's talent is pure, fresh and personal. I think he is a real find and reading this book is a delight."
Maxwell Geismar

Published September 5

The Preacher and the Slave *by Wallace Stegner* . . . "The author of *The Big Rock Candy Mountain* has written a moving and powerful book — and a rough and exciting one . . . He has drawn an almost unforgettable character — and you can say the same of half a dozen others in this book."
Boston Herald

Published September 5

In the Pink *by Mildred Spurrier Topp* . . . "A gay and funny book . . . bubbling over with a merriment that frequently erupts into roaring laughter. It should prove to be one of the year's best concoctions." *Philadelphia Inquirer*

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read this Fall?

Published August '28

Owen Glen *by Ben Ames Williams* . . "At the end of the long story, you feel about Owen Glen and Miss Marged Williams as 'B.B.' did: 'Their many friends wish them much happiness.' It's that kind of book." Lewis Gannett, *New York Herald Tribune*. "In the summing up, *Owen Glen* may some day be accounted Mr. Williams's finest book."
Saturday Review of Literature

Published August 21

The Human Use of Human Beings *by Norbert Wiener* . . . A great mathematician, one of the leaders in the development of the mechanical brain, tells us what his machine has taught him about men. "A manifesto for the spirit of independence . . . opens up startling new vistas." *The Atlantic*

Published August 15

Long the Imperial Way by *Hanama Tasaki* . . . "A novel ranking with the half dozen best to come from any country after this war."
Saturday Review of Literature

Published June 7

There'll Always Be A Drayneflete *by Osbert Lancaster* . . . "Osbert Lancaster can slay in a deftly drawn line, or in an effortless word . . . as deft a deadpan satire as has come out of England in many a year." Lewis Gannett, *New York Herald Tribune*

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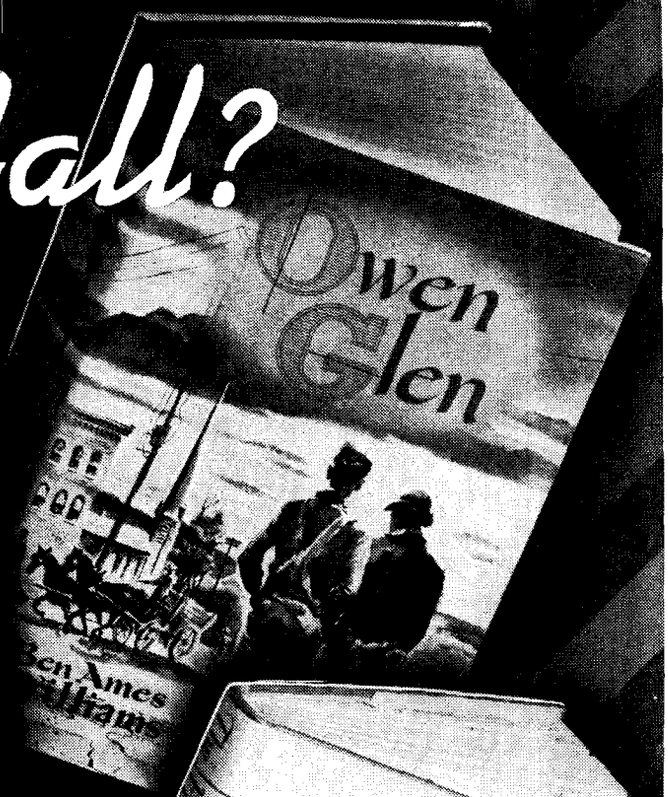

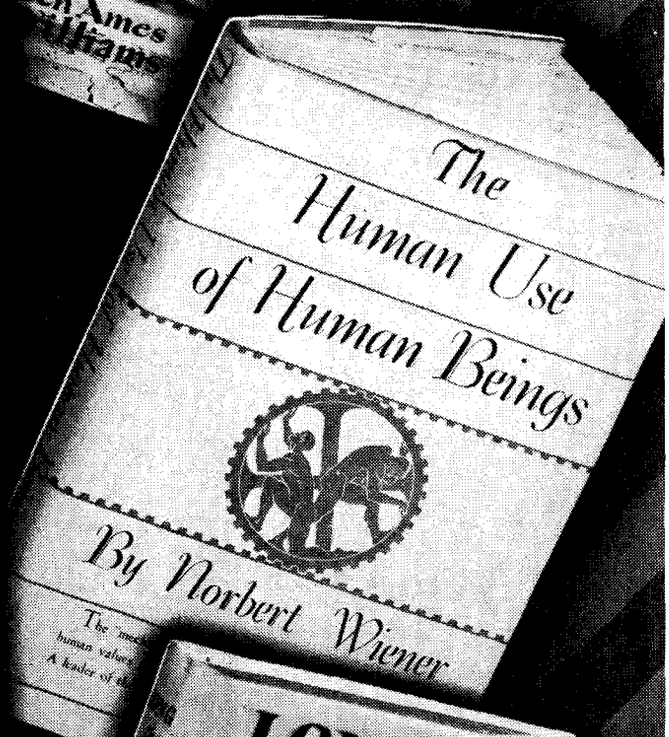

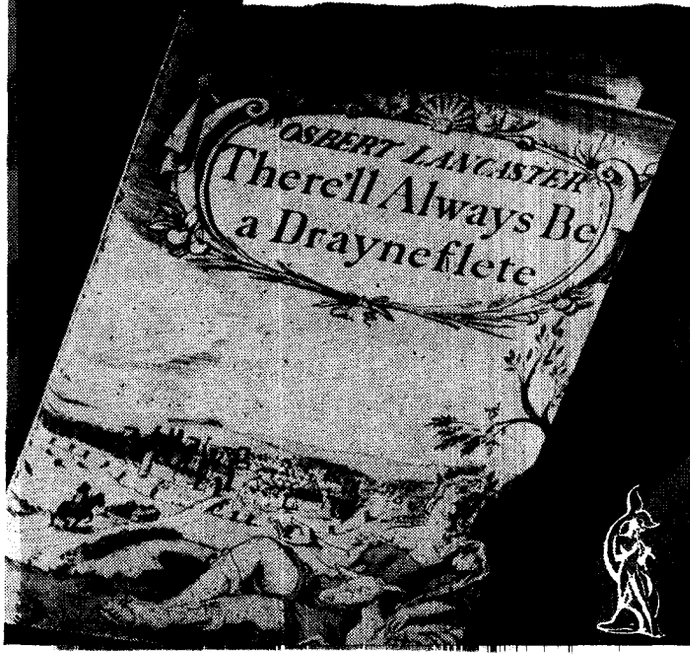

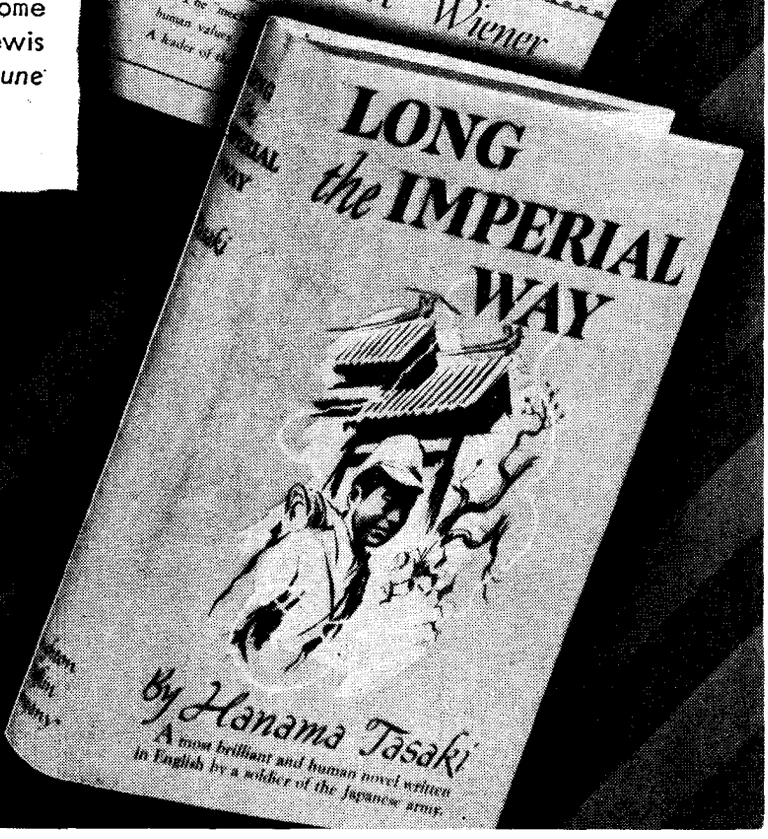

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everybody's convictions and for avoiding the expression of anybody's doubts. He is to blame because as a free man in a free country he freely elected a career in which the defense of the freedom of knowledge was his one mandatory absolute and because he shoved it out of sight.

He is to blame, in different words, because there is no anger in him any more. He is without guts. He may or may not be making what he calls an "economic" sacrifice by teaching (many teachers are vastly *overpaid* in view of what they could earn elsewhere with their dim minds and neurotic ways) but there has been precious little real self-sacrifice among the pedagogues in our generation. Scopes, some quarter of a century ago, did try and fail in the courts to get Evolution brought to Tennessee. A few leftist "liberals" have battled for their "right" to be leftist or Communist (though the notion that freedom of knowledge includes the right of separating the two is merely another example of the failure of American education to explain freedom to the American people) but in nearly all cases our educators have given up *leading* precisely where they are expected to lead and paid to lead.

Had they understood and stuck to freedom of knowledge with the anger, the erudition, the unanimity, and the high purpose of which they are capable, no pressure groups, no legislatures, no trustees, churches, snobbish Daughters of old wars, or other totalitarians, bigots, and exploiters of liberty could have prevailed against them. And the landscape of freedom would not be fogged in the terrible darkness of today, for freedom's examples would have kept its meaning plain. Educators, however, have lost their leadership by becoming followers, as all must who compromise with the center of their philosophy. To be educated, in their current definition, is *not* to think and *not* to let feelings show; to be academically great is merely to hobnob with rich morons; to be a great scientist is often to be a lackey of the military. We are part schizoid but mostly decerebrate altogether because we have for so long abandoned the fight for freedom of knowledge that no way remains for most of us to know what we don't know. And unless we somehow change *that* our epitaph will be the one I gave it in a novel, long ago: "Here lies America, still-born in the little red schoolhouse."

PHILIP WYLIE.

Rushford, N. Y.

Dr. Melby's Reply

Pach Bros.
Ernest O. Melby

SIR: I gather that Mr. Wylie is not arguing with what I said in my article. He is scolding me as an educator for writing it. Evidently he feels that educators carry almost the full blame for the world's ills and that, therefore, I should slink into the nearest subway entrance and let him yell "fire," presumably because as a representative of the rest of society he has little responsibility for our present moral and spiritual chaos. I can't believe that Mr. Wylie is socially naive enough to blame educators as heavily as he does in his diatribe and I would surely be presumptuous were I on behalf of education to accept that much blame. We all know all of us are to blame, even including Philip Wylie.

Except for a number of vituperative detours Mr. Wylie has said with great gusto what many educators deeply feel and try to act upon in every way open to them. Mr. Wylie should be reminded that teaching and educational administration are both hazardous occupations for those who pursue them courageously. In spite of the hazards there are many places in which teachers and administrators are taking vigorous positions and courageous action along the very lines he suggests. Any of these people can tell him how lonely they are and how few men like him come to their rescue when teachers and administrators are attacked for vigorous defense of freedom and democracy.

I would like to invite Mr. Wylie to give his support and encouragement to the educators and citizens who are trying to translate our basic traditions of freedom and democracy into the realities of everyday life in school and community. But if he is to be useful in these directions, he must find out what is going on in education. He must know who is thinking and doing what. He must become aware of the very serious attacks now being made upon those who conceive education as he conceives it. He must also take inventory of the hopeful developments and join hands with those educators and citizens who are seeking to put a real moral and spiritual dynamic into community life. He could perform no more valiant service to freedom and democracy than to get into this battle. Perhaps one word of caution may be in order. He should take care that his blasts do not injure those whom he would support, and to this end he must be informed. We would like to welcome him to our side.

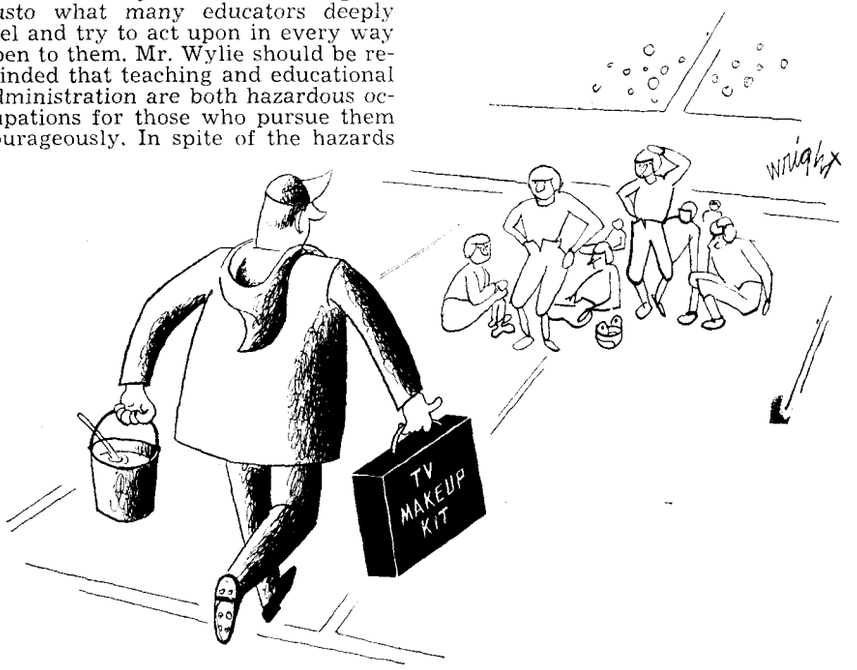
ERNEST O. MELBY.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I write, as an old subscriber, to record my admiration of Ernest Melby's excellent article. In it he contrasts the fanatical zeal of the North Koreans and the low morale of the South Koreans as an example of the weakness of the spirit of democracy.

How can the world reconcile our high purpose when confronted through our magazines by our selfish desires for $2,000 mink coats, expensive cars, ornamental television sets, perfumes, jewels, and other luxuries?

And what have you shown on your cover? Two smug, self-centered, fat little children, each wrapped up in



his little shell, photographed in front of a sham fireplace, with not even a log of wood or an andiron much less the flame of lovingkindness and warm generosity of which we boast?

A. C. GILBERT-CARTER.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: I am so deeply impressed by the article "Education and the Defense of America," by Ernest Melby, that I wish you could reprint it and circulate it widely. I have given it to many people to read and all think it the clearest explanation of our present predicament that has been offered. It needs especially to get into the hands and minds of our leaders in Washington.

WILMA M. STRAUS.

Richmond, Va.

For a Shorter Name

SIR: I agree that a change of title for your magazine would be in order. I feel that just the title "literature" is inaccurate and may in fact scare off customers who are interested more in art, music, current topics, the theatre, etc.

HAROLD FROMM.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Epistolary Evidence

SIR: Edmund Fuller, in his fine review of Mika Waltari's "The Adventurer" [*SRL* Sept. 23], opines that: "Probably it predates 'The Egyptian'; internal and external evidence suggest this."

As the agent in this country for all of Mika Waltari's production I am happy to have evidence in my correspondence with him which definitely

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disallows any such suggestion. I quote from one of his early letters to me, written after *acceptance* in this country of "The Egyptian" but before publication in Finland of his next big novel, titled there "Mikael Kavarjalka" and here now appearing as "The Adventurer."

The date of that letter is August 19, 1948, and it was written to me from Helsinki. It reads:

> I am now at work on a more extended historical novel dealing with Europe during the period of 1515 to 1527. It will be published in Finland before Christmas this year. Later on, I shall employ the same characters in order to describe the most magnificent period of the Turkish Empire during its conflict with the European powers.

The (third) novel about the Turkish Empire has recently been published in Finland.

MARION SAUNDERS.

New York, N.Y.

Poetry Editor for *SRL*

SIR: Your suggestion [*SRL* Sept. 2] of rotating editors for one-year tenure, with an eye to "appeasing" alternately both camps, has some virtue in it, but it has also some disadvantages. Under such an arrangement, as I see it, hierophants of one or the other poetic persuasion are likely to be shut out of your pages for fifty-two consecutive weeks. This, I offer, will tend to make the output, in either case, monotonous and unpalatable reading for large segments of your audience.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

New York, N.Y.

SIR: As one of your constant readers and occasional contributors, I believe that your idea of "setting up the office of poetry editor on a rotating basis" is the best solution of trying to find a successor to the incomparable Bill Benét. On the one hand, you would avoid the rampant coteries whose self-centered minds and hardened arteries now control "modern" magazines to such an extent that their contents appear identical and monotonous. On the other, you will establish an editorial movement heretofore untried in America, so far as I know.

A succession of poetry editors, each one placed on his mettle for a year, would certainly lead to enrichment through variety, or an objective catholicity as a whole. Moreover, since the office would demand unremitting faith and labor, the incumbent would not fall under the strain of growing weary or bored in the course of his term. *SRL* in the past has devoted more space to poetry and criticism than any other American magazine, with the exception of *Poetry* in Chicago. And the fact that the editors are now consulting their readers for opinions and suggestions indicates a mutual concern for the survival of an art which is usually the first casualty in troubled times. We need the poet's vision and concentration, his sense of form and order, more than ever today and tomorrow.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

New York, N.Y.

SIR: Is it necessary that the working editor of the poetry department be one of the stature of the late Benét or, in fact, even an outstanding writer of verse? Rather, might he not as well be simply a good editor with poetic appreciation and an insight into the focus of the magazine?

CHARLES A. PHELPS.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR: Rotating poetry editors seems a reasonable way of attempting to please the adherents of the rival schools. Mr. Benét cannot be replaced. His kindness, his courtesy, his catholicity of taste made him a very rare editor and a warm friend.

INEZ BARCLAY KIRBY.

Bethesda, Md.

SIR: Put me down as very much in favor of the one-year rotation plan for the *SRL* poetry editor. Under such an arrangement everybody, sooner or later, should get a hearing.

BLAKE R. NEVIUS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Must we endure for fifty-two weeks the obscurantist freak, the follower of the "cult of the unintelligible"? . . . You have a difficult task to select a worthy successor to the beloved William Rose Benét, but spare, or spare us from the "foggy school."

WILL MALIA.

Yonkers, N. Y.

SIR: Real poetry has been denied publication for thirty-five years, more or less, and therefore genuine poets are unknown unless they had reputations long ago.

You surely know that most of the so-called poets now are deliberate fakers. Real poets, when they get their work published at all, have had to water their verse down to the moron level. If you would take a stand for principle in this matter, you might accomplish a wonderful thing for American literature and culture.

Your action in the Ezra Pound scandal was magnificent. And you got a great and enthusiastic reaction from it. Follow that line and you will reap a large increase in respect from real appreciators of poetry—and honesty.

GRANVILLE TRACE.

Atascadero, Calif.

SIR: *SRL*'s proposed plan to rotate its poetry editorship seems a good idea on the surface. A wise selection would mean broadening the scope of the magazine's poetry policies. Also there would be no chance for a single individual, movement, school, or clique to take over permanently.

The only thing objectionable about the plan is that it would prevent any editor from attaining a steady, long-range beneficial effect, an established and recognized sphere of influence, or even a full development of his own editorial capacities, such as was apparently the accomplishment of the late William Rose Benét.

The only solution I am able to suggest is that you search for a later incarnation of Mr. Benét.

JAMES WADE.

Granite City, Ill.

SIR: I suggest that you postpone any decision for at least one year. I may not be the only reader who has not felt any loss so far.

W. O. SYPHERD.

Newark, Del.

"Across the River and Into the Trees"

SIR: Laurels to Maxwell Geismar's review [*SRL* Sept. 9] of Hemingway's "Valse Triste" novel-monologue. The sad effect of this book (would it have been accepted by any publisher were it not written by a "big name"?) will be its impression upon readers abroad who still judge Hemingway to be the "typical" American author of our times. What a perverse, distorted, and obscene picture will they get!

ROBERT BREUER.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

SIR: At least if bombs drop on New York there will be one small compensation: most of the people who reviewed the last Hemingway book will have to stop reviewing for a while.

This reader feels so ferocious about these reviewers because if she had listened to them she would have missed the reading treat of the year. An absorbing, revealing, precision-written book appears, a book which mirrors the galloping loneliness of our time as no recent work has done, a book laced with unforgettable war scenes, a book which sings the joy of living, a book whose main character is so alive that one's fists clench as one reads, and what do these reviewers do? They yak because the book isn't up to expectation.

Maxwell Geismar devotes his first paragraph to telling us that "Across the River and Into the Trees" is the worst thing Hemingway has written. But what he neglects to tell us anywhere in the review is whether Hemingway at his worst isn't still a lot better reading than most other writers at their best.

JUNE B. BINGHAM.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: One does not realize how accurately searching is Maxwell Geismar's analysis of Hemingway's decay as a writer until one turns to the ridiculous idolatry of John O'Hara's cocky notice about the same book in *The New York Times Book Review*. Mr. Geismar perceives that it is the failing of objectivity that has spoiled Hemingway; he has perhaps read too much of his own publicity and believed it. Yet the tone in which Mr. Geismar points out that "the Champ has lost his title" is never nasty, never personal; that is why it is so completely convincing.

FITZROY DAVIS.

Evanston, Ill.

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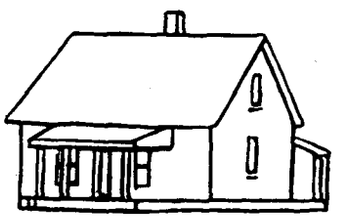

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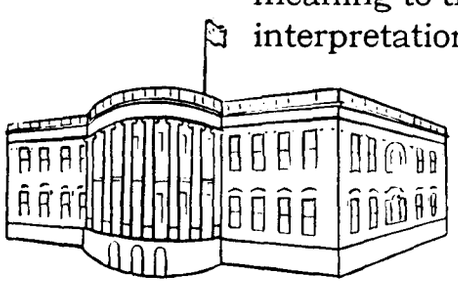

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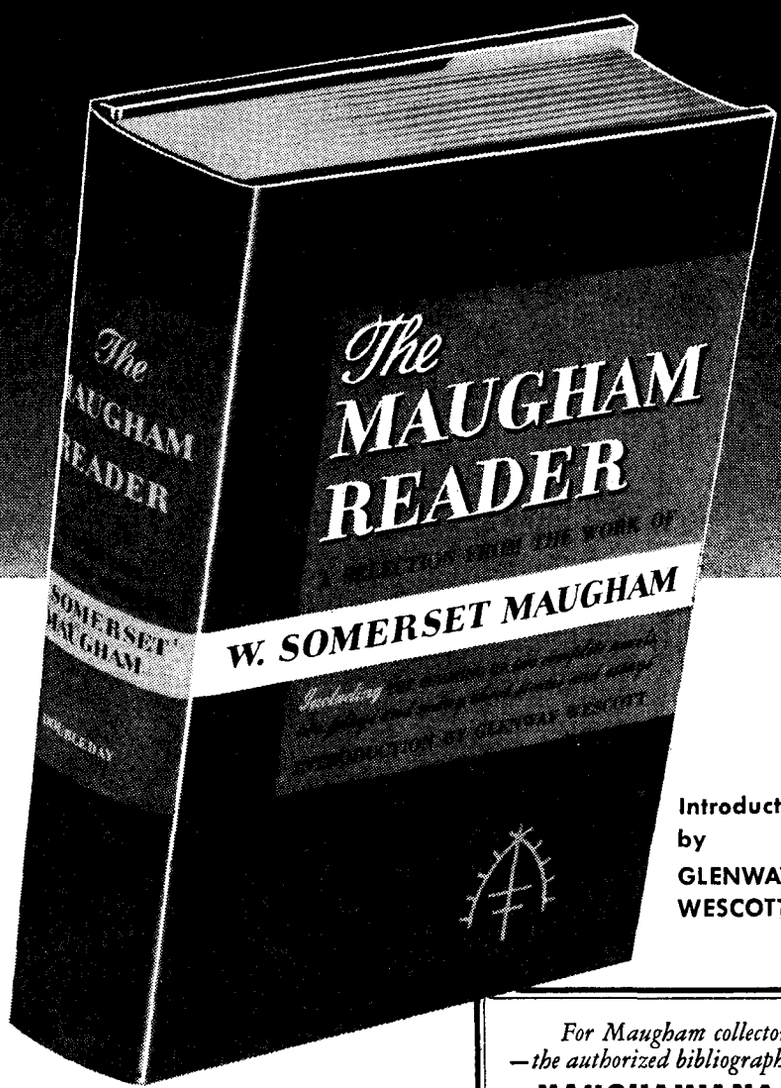

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Personal History. *When the accountant's ledger began to loom larger than the editor's chair on most American newspapers late in the last century, the age of personal journalism was dead. One of the most eccentric and brilliant men to stride through that era was the founder of the* New York Tribune, *the subject of William Harlan Hale's fine new biography, "Horace Greeley: Voice of the People," reviewed on page 42. Although journalism has been quieter in our own times, it has permitted a number of its workers to develop personalities and followings of their own—for example, the* Chicago Tribune's *John T. McCutcheon, who tells his own story in "Drawn from Memory" (reviewed on page 44), and the G.I.'s beloved Ernie Pyle, whose biography has been written by his long-time editor, Lee G. Miller. . . . America's Grandest Old Man is profiled in W. L. White's "Bernard Baruch: Portrait of a Citizen" (see below).*

B. M. B., the Chief par Excellence

BERNARD BARUCH: Portrait of a Citizen. By W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 158 pp. $2.

By Alvin Johnson

TO CARICATURE Bernard M. Baruch is easy. We all have seen hundreds of caricatures, some realistic, some grotesque, some friendly, some hostile, but they all are recognizable. It is easy to photograph Mr. Baruch. He is very photogenic. He is easy to paint. We have seen portraits of Bernie by excellent artists. Yet no artist, photographer, or caricaturist has caught the real Bernard M. Baruch as one sees him, apparently relaxed but with horizon-wide calculations going on behind his friendly face.

It is not difficult to draw a good pen portrait of Mr. Baruch. W. L. White has done the best portrait I have seen, a portrait of Mr. Baruch as a citizen. Yet somehow the real Bernie, the real B. M. B., the Chief par excellence, appears only through a mist. Perhaps it is impossible to portray accurately an extrovert of profound subtlety.

My first glimpse of B.M.B. was on a bright afternoon as he issued from the White House, having been closeted, so my companion surmised, with President Wilson. "That man," said my companion, "is the biggest menace in America. Big capitalist, ruthless speculator, he leads the flock of big-business cormorants that has settled down on Washington."

I took a good look at him. He seemed enormously tall against the White House door, straight as an arrow, and slender as modernist sculpture, with a sunshine of contentment illuminating his strikingly handsome face.

Beating around the War Industries Board, trying to develop an inside information service, I got an entirely different impression of the Chief. He was a menace to big business. He had scrupulously divested himself of every interest that might be aggrandized by war, and he meant to make the cormorants over into useful egg-laying poultry. He had no power. Wilson, though he loved Baruch, was hard of hearing when Baruch urged the necessity of giving the War Industries Board power beyond that of a knitting society.

—Courtesy of Edith Jonas Levy.

Bernard Baruch—"cormorants . . . into useful egg-laying poultry."

W. L. White recounts B.M.B.'s run-in with Judge Gary on the price of ship plates. But there was more meaning in the incident than Mr. White sees. The United States Steel Corporation had been charging for ship plates rather more than four times their cost. Judge Gary had generously proposed to knock off a fraction of this huge excess. B.M.B. must have got Wilson enraged with this arithmetic. Anyway, he was able to encounter Judge Gary with a letter authorizing him to commandeer the whole steel industry. Judge Gary caved in.

With no other charter than this letter B.M.B. proceeded to organize all American industry for war. In a few months America was better organized for the job than England or Germany, with their long lead in time. We saved hundreds of millions—indeed, billions—through Bernie.

We might have saved a hundred billion in the Second World War if President Roosevelt could have set up B.M.B. to reconstitute the War Industries Board. But F.D.R. couldn't cotton to B.M.B. His young brain trusters set Bernie down as too old. Bernie can never be too old. He has an unaging principle.

"Professor," he said to me once, "a man can get on with almost any kind of heart. He can get on if he has only one fiber of a liver or kidney left, provided he keeps up his spirit." One may amplify: he can get on with any number of years, provided his spirit is as young as Bernie's is today.

I owe an apology to Mr. White because I have devoted more space to Bernie than to him. I'll make amends with a few words of criticism.

The Renaissance painters liked to stick their own visages in among the saints and angels they painted. Why should not a biographer stick his own personality, his own opinions into his picture? Mr. White produces his own opinion of the Frankfurter boys, of Acheson and Lilienthal, of our Chinese policy and the woeful unpreparedness—at the time he wrote—of our Korean enterprise. In his next edition he will, I hope, delete himself and improve the picture.

Alvin Johnson is President Emeritus of the New School for Social Research, New York City.

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America's Greatest Editor

HORACE GREELEY: Voice of the People. By William Harlan Hale. New York: Harper & Bros. 377 pp. $4.

By Allan Nevins

NEWSPAPERS have always played a larger cultural and political role in America than in any other country; and inevitably our greatest journalists—Bennett, Bryant, Bowles, Dana, Pulitzer—loom up in the history of our democratic development with a stature surpassing that of many Presidents. Of them all, Horace Greeley has laid the securest hold on the American imagination. His humble beginnings, his picturesque personal traits, his participation in party affairs and large share in making the Republican organization, his radical ideas, and his tragic end have all played a part in forming the Greeley Legend; but, above all, his sheer fighting power as an editor has given him his imposing place in the nation's memory. Book after book appears upon him. In time, we may hope, he will have that full-length biography, ample in detail and full of quotation from his letters and newspaper writings—a generous two-volume work — which alone can do him justice; meanwhile special studies like J. A. Isely's book "Horace Greeley and the Republican Party" appeal to students, and a succession of one-volume lives testify to the general public interest.

This compact, swift-paced life, based on a thorough study of manuscript as well as printed sources, has special merit. Mr. Hale has digested his voluminous materials admirably, has formed a clear understanding of Greeley's outwardly simple but inwardly complex personality, and has given us a well-written narrative which never for a page loses interest. His knack for summing up a given situation in a few crisp sentences is worthy of Greeley himself. Again and again he illuminates a man or an episode with an apt sentence lifted from some unpublished letter of the editor's; so that even when he is rehearsing the most familiar of stories—the founding of the *Tribune*, for example, he gives them freshness.

The biography is particularly good on two aspects of Greeley, one hitherto underemphasized, the other neglected: his radical ideology and his personal and domestic life. Mr. Hale is quite right in saying that even by the standards of 1950 Greeley's ideas would often be considered radical. He followed many an *ignis fatuus*, to be sure, and his disillusionment with Fourierism was a rude shock; but he had a healthy and often realistic attachment to reform in all its phases which never faltered until he killed himself battling against Grant's corrupt Administration. Antirentism, antislavery, antimonopoly found him always in armor and always in the van; and he never ceased to fight against slums, against exploitation of women and children workers, against drink, and against crooked politicians. In the treatment of Greeley's home life Mr. Hale probes into the Castle Rackrent housekeeping of Mrs. Greeley and the trials of the editor as his wife's neuroses developed and as child after child died. The editor made a confidant of some sympathetic people, and Margaret Fuller's sympathy meant much to him. But such difficulties had in general to be endured silently.

The one notable shortcoming of this excellent volume lies in its failure to do full justice to Greeley the editor, who was the essential Greeley; to that marvelous marriage of man and newspaper which counted for so much in American affairs from 1840 to 1872. Readers will learn much from this volume about Greeley's journalistic methods and feats but they will hardly grasp just why he was so much the greatest of American newspapermen; one of the very greatest of the world's newspapermen. Perhaps Mr. Hale felt that in the space of 370 pages he could not treat both newspaper and editor. At any rate, the *Tribune* hardly appears in all the glorious vigor which Greeley gave it. For fifteen or twenty years, in one of the greatest crises of our national life, the *Tribune* spoke to the United States "with a power," as James Ford Rhodes states, "never before or since known in this country"; with a power greater than the Thunderer's in Britain, and Greeley was the soul of the *Tribune*.

He made his newspaper a great power partly by virtue of his own gifts: his passionate moral earnestness, for in defeat or victory his idealism never flagged; his dedication to a few great principles, of which the containment and eventual abolition of slavery was the chief; his keen instinct for news that would interest the plain farmer, the country storekeeper, the city clerk —and his ability to supply much of that news himself; and his great talent for writing. He had, as E. L. Godkin wrote, "an English style which for vigor, terseness, clearness, and simplicity has never been surpassed except by Cobbett." In part, he made the *Tribune* a great power by enlisting a staff of unprecedented distinction; for Charles A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, Solon Robinson, Bayard Taylor, George Ripley, and James S. Pike, to name only a few, developed special departments and lifted the editorial page to a high plane, while special correspondents throughout America and Europe furnished articles of a type that have, unfortunately, almost disappeared from our journalism. Even in 1854 the regularly-paid out-of-town correspondents numbered thirty-eight. When any given cause was to be supported (and the *Tribune* always had causes), the journal could go into action with every gun blazing like a battlecruiser off the Korean Coast. And on the quarterdeck, *primus inter pares* of the group of editors, was the eccentric but indomitable Greeley.

This may safely be pronounced the best of the existing lives of Greeley: a work which throws new light not only upon the man but his time, and a delightfully readable biography to boot.

Allan Nevins's "The Emergence of Lincoln," another link in his monumental history of the United States, will be published next week.

—*From "Yankee Doodle"* (1846).

". . . a few crisp sentences worthy of Greeley himself."

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A Cartoonist and a Floppy-eared Dog

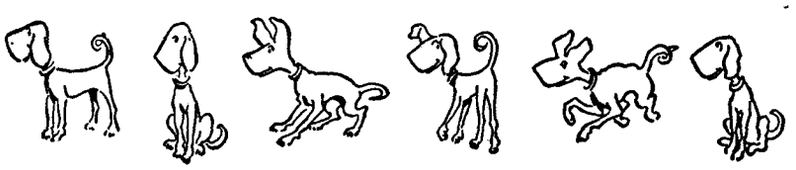
DRAWN FROM MEMORY: The Autobiography of John T. McCutcheon. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 460 pp. $5.

By JAY N. DARLING

"REMEMBER that famous cartoonist who for so many years spotlighted the front page of the *Chicago Tribune*—you know, the man with the funny, floppy-eared dog—"

"Oh, you mean McCutcheon."

"Sure. That's the one. I can still see his 'Injun Summer,' his 'A Boy in Springtime,' the Bird Center series,



and his cartoon of Teddy Roosevelt tying knots in the British Lion's tail."

The late John T. McCutcheon lives again in an autobiography as entertaining and full of picturesque narrative as the best of his folksy cartoons, which topped the list of popular newspaper features in the USA for well over half a century. While McCutcheon looked down upon "The Dog" as among the lesser of his life's works, there was a strong family resemblance in that they were both consistently amusing, friendly, alert to every passing interest, and were always popping up in the most unexpected places.

"Drawn from Memory" is less a tabulation of his personal achievements, which were ample, than a very readable story of a golden era in American folklore in which a galaxy of barefoot boys born back in the horse-and-buggy days in Indiana grew to major stature in the field of letters.

McCutcheon, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, and George Barr McCutcheon, who appeared on the scene quite simultaneously, seemed to achieve a popularity cut from the same pattern of homespun Hoosier cloth. The names of Ade and McCutcheon were to become "as closely associated as ham and eggs" on the American breakfast table. The author's story of their early beginnings and progress up the ladder of success is an entertaining bit of Americana.

From memories extending over approximately three-quarters of a century he describes with unfailing interest the most spectacular events to which he was a witness, from the advent of electric lights, through three major wars, peace conferences, and several minor military skirmishes and revolutions, up to the Atomic Age. But the reader will find no less interest in the materialization of his boyhood dreams when he sails the old Spanish Main in search of pirate lore, his accidental meeting with Theodore Roosevelt on safari in Central Africa, his casual acceptance of an innocent-appearing invitation to go on a peacetime trial cruise of a new battle cruiser which proved unseaworthy and from which he inadvertently wound up on the deck of Admiral Dewey's flagship just in time to witness the historic battle of Manila Bay and scoop the press of the world with his report of the victory.

Flying in the treacherous days of early air navigation, chasing Aguinaldo through the Philippine jungles with General Funston, a vacation trip across the bandit-infested wastes of the Gobi Desert, and sunset years on his romantic Treasure Island, a tropical paradise, once the haven of Blackbeard the Pirate—these sound like the stuff on which dreams are made. The whimsical, reticent, but always companionable McCutcheon lived them all, returning to his drawing board between times to record the passing events of the day in cartoons and illustrations, a sprinkling of which dot the pages of his biography. "Drawn from Memory" has the running interest of a history recounted by a Tom Sawyer with a college diploma and a Marco-Polo complex.

Up until the time McCutcheon went away to college there wasn't much to distinguish the second son of an Indiana farmer, drover, and Sheriff of Tippecanoe County from the other barefoot boys of that period in American history except that, as the author remarks, "we wore more freckles and less shoes in Southern Indiana than elsewhere." "There was, in fact, little on my young horizon in the middle Seventies beyond cornfield after cornfield and traditions of Indian fighting."

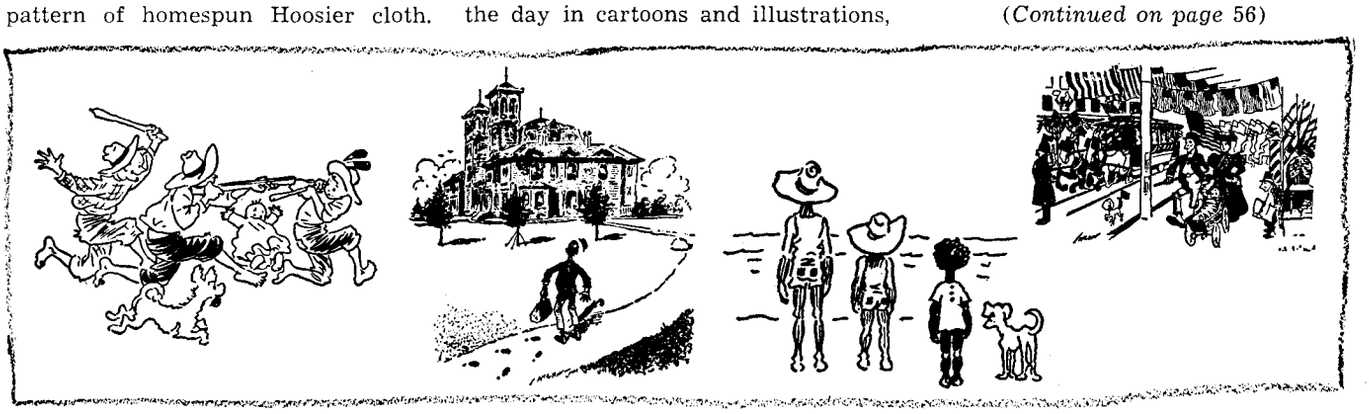
Or so the youthful McCutcheon thought at the time. But thirty years later when he sat at his drawing board gazing blankly at the empty paper without an idea in his head for tomorrow's front-page cartoon, the deadline drawing implacably nearer with each tick of the clock, out of those boyhood memories leaped an idea in the hour of his desperate need. Likewise out of the same fertile storehouse came the inspirations for many of his most successful cartoons. By what chain of cerebral associations the ideas found their way into his mind he never knew, any more than he could explain the materialization of the famous McCutcheon dog, which came out of nowhere to fill a vacant corner in one of his cartoons and unbidden tagged along at his heels through life to become the McCutcheon trademark.

Perhaps the most indelible mark McCutcheon made on his generation, which he fails to note, was the epidemic of youthful cartoonists, correspondence schools in cartooning, and fly-by-night art schools, which sprang up around him as the result of his contagious popularity like the forest of sprouts from a silver-leafed poplar.

Many of the big names among today's cartoonists owe their inspiration to McCutcheon's genius.

In the life of the author there seems

(*Continued on page 56*)



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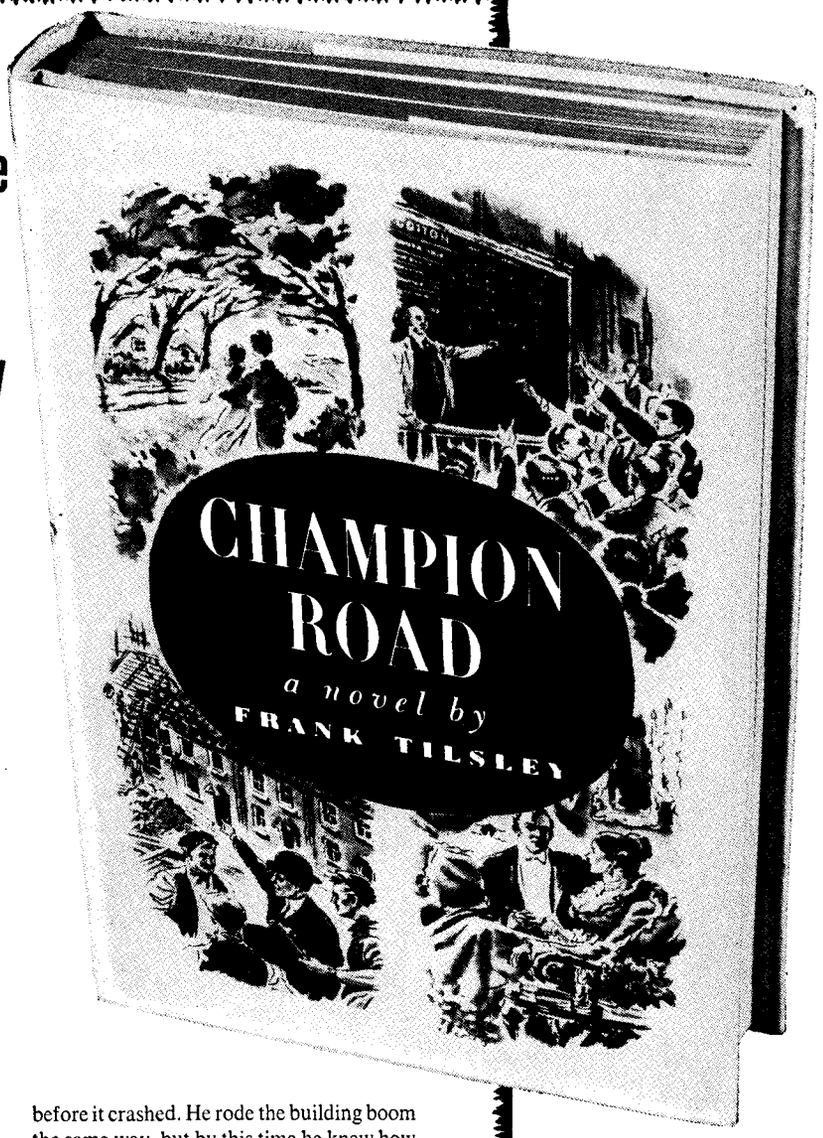

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He was kin to every pirate who ever sailed, and he learned early that the only way to get along was to ride the crest of the wave. So he rode the cotton boom after the first World War, and slipped quietly off just before it crashed. He rode the building boom the same way, but by this time he knew how to make the waves themselves.

He was a strange man, Jonathan Briggs, a persistent lover, yet a devoted husband, hard on himself and harder on the women who loved him. He comes alive in these pages, as do his wife and his friends and rivals and mistresses, loving and lusting and fighting and living. This is the story of a marriage, but most of all it is Jonathan's story, the story of a man who lived hard, and deeply, and well.

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• "No one will ever convince me that physical passion is the real basis of sexual experience. At a guess I should say that it is the fear of loneliness, of having to face, oneself, the mystery of our own inadequacies and shortcomings."

• "My wife went back to her mother and I never liked her mother, so that killed two birds with one stone as the saying goes."

The English reviewers loved it:

• "It is misleading to call Mr. Tilsley a second Arnold Bennett: he is not a second of anything: he is his original and remarkable self. He handles this large-scale chronicle in a manner which every fellow-writer must admire, and every reader enjoy."—ELIZABETH BOWEN, *The Tatler*

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Seeing Things

UGH!

ALTHOUGH Wayagamug may not be a name on everyone's lips, it is a tenacious occupant of my memory. An uncomfortable number of years ago I used to journey there, summer after summer, to see the nearest equivalent of an Oberammergau that Northern Michigan had to offer. This was a performance of "Hiawatha" given in an outdoor theatre by some Indians (Ojibways, as I recall) who palpably had never been on the warpath.

Their acting may have been somewhat below the Barrymore level but this mattered little to those of us who were then ten or twelve. The blissful fact that we were seeing Indians—real, live Indians—was enough. As redskins they may have been indistinguishable from palefaces, except with the aid of make-up. Their tepees, when visited backstage, may have had a prefabricated look. Their beads, I suppose, could be described as costume jewelry. And their headdresses, like their deerskin garments, were, no doubt, worn only for the occasion. Nonetheless, these Indians seemed to me and my contemporaries the most romantic of figures. What commandos, tail-gunners, gangsters, Superman, Mandrake, and Hopalong Cassidy are to present-day youngsters, they were to us.

We stood in more awe of these first Americans than we did even of pirates, knights, or train robbers. We were always surprised at getting home unscalped. We could not quite believe that we had not been forced to run the gantlet or burned at the stake. These unprimitive men and women, who lived between performances in a wigwam Hooverville, were to us the elect of the earth. The food we saw them cooking there may not have offered a diet which we would have substituted for the menus our less glamorous families provided, but all the other aspects of their living struck us as being enviable.

The man who played Hiawatha was our hero. He made it hard for us to forgive our parents for having been born palefaces. He was more than most mere white men could ever hope to be. He was Achilles and Paul Bunyan, David and Uncas, Merlin and a messiah, all rolled into one. He was mythology incarnate, adventure in the flesh. He knew more about birds than Audubon and more about nature than Ernest Thompson Seton. His final sailing away to meet the Great Spirit, when he stood erect in a paddleless canoe and was pulled across a lake by an unseen cable, wrenched our hearts. We could not bear to have him die. He lived in our imaginations long after he had disappeared. His prowess as a warrior was limitless, and he was always ready in one hand-to-hand fight after another to demonstrate it. He was not *a* brave; he was *the* brave. Because of him

many of us sub-teenagers, when we got back to our summer homes, took to the woods to build burlap tepees and assault the defenseless birch trees with what we could remember of Longfellow's droning singsong.

Little did we suspect in those more innocent Wayagamug seasons that the "Hiawatha" we read and saw with rapture would ever be held "subversive." Little did we realize that, when the Homer of Brattle Street wrote his Indian saga, he was indulging in what might come to be interpreted as an "un-American activity." Little did we anticipate that Wenonah's son, the warrior and peacemaker, would one day be rejected as a character capable of giving aid and comfort to the enemy merely because he happened to be a chain-smoker of the peace-pipe. What dull and unprophetic dupes we were has been made clear by a recent news release from Hollywood. This release may, of course, have been a publicity stunt, a tongue-in-cheek jest for sweet laughter's sake. Most sincerely I hope so. On the other hand, it may have had its origin in fact, since it is no more ridiculous (or disquieting) than scores of other dangerous absurdities into which our understandable dislike and distrust of Communist Russia have led us.

In any case I cannot resist quoting the dispatch from the West Coast to *The New York Times*. It read: "Fear that a motion picture dealing with the life and exploits of Hiawatha, Onondaga Indian Chief of the fifteenth century of whom Longfellow wrote in his classic poem, might in the present temper of the country be regarded as Communist propaganda has caused Monogram Studio to shelve such a project. . . .

"Put in preparation six months ago, a script, written by Arthur Strawn was ready for filming with Walter Mirisch producing and an announcement concerning it was to have been made at Monogram's annual sales meeting, which ended here after a three-day session on Sept. 7. The picture, however, was withdrawn from the production schedule shortly before the convention began.

"It was Hiawatha's efforts as a peacemaker among the warring Indian tribes of his day, which brought about the confederation of the Five Nations, that gave Monogram particular concern, according to a studio spokesman. These, it was decided, might cause the picture to be regarded as a message for peace and therefore helpful to present Communist designs."

Not unnaturally, such an interpretation so surprised me that it drove me to rereading "Hiawatha," an act which surprised me almost as much. It is not a poem I had thought I would ever return to. Certainly my inclinations have not led me to it these many years, haunted as they have been by the triumphant monotony of that meter Longfellow borrowed from the Finnish "Kalevala." "Hiawatha," as almost every adult will agree, is the perfect parody of itself. No wonder children like it or that grown-ups cannot forget it. Practically anyone can imitate it. There is no escaping its stresses. They follow as steadily as those drops of water with which bound prisoners used to be tortured. Its cadences are metronomic in their regularity. Its beat is as insistent as the rhythm of tom-toms, sewing machines, or newspaper presses. It rides a rocking horse that will not stop.

EVEN so, the fears of Hollywood as stated in the Monogram Studio's release made me feel it was a patriotic duty to dust off my school edition of "Hiawatha." Having reread it, which is quite an experience, I think I can understand why it might alarm Senator McCarthy and cause the members

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of Congressional investigating committees to spend sleepless nights. There can be no question about it. Hiawatha was a red. The people he led were likewise reds. Moreover, the word "red" is repeated without apology and with wicked insistence throughout the course of the first book called "The Peace-Pipe." For instance, the Pipe-stone Quarry, I noted with apprehension, is described as the *Red* Pipe-stone Quarry. Its crags and stones are also *red*. So are the willows growing on its banks. Later on not only is the setting sun referred to insidiously as being of the same forbidden color (I trust the FBI will take notice), but the eyes of old Iagoo, the teller of tall tales, glow "dusky red" beneath his shaggy eyebrows. Plainly this is the kind of stuff which would delight the editors of *The Daily Worker*.

AS further evidence of how justified Hollywood is in sensing the Communist undercurrents in "Hiawatha," ponder well the manner in which a grateful Hiawatha makes a Party convert even of the woodpecker, Mama. This feathered friend guarantees Hiawatha's victory over Megissogwon, the murderer of Nokomis's father, by telling him that in order to win he must aim his arrows at the tuft of hair on this great magician's head. How does Hiawatha express the gratitude he owes this hitherto uncorrupted woodpecker? I am sorry to report he

Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Worse still, on his home-coming from this triumph Hiawatha is not content to bring all the wealth of Megissogwon with him. He betrays his unmistakable anticapitalist inclinations by distributing this wampum and these trophies *equally* among his people. Furthermore, in spite of all his speech-making about peace, Hiawatha says unblushingly,

Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!

It pains me to report that Hiawatha is also a believer in the Iron Curtain. This is proved by his sending Minnehaha to draw a magic circle around his cornfields to protect them from destruction. I regret to admit, too, that Hiawatha's addiction to purges is strong. Consider his Kremlin attitude toward those recalcitrant crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens, that

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threaten his maize. Not content with having set snares for them,

Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twenties,
And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated cornfields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.

Finally—and at present this appears to be the most shocking indictment which can be brought against him—Hiawatha is a peacemonger, capable in the midst of warlike actions of indulging in the double-talk of the Stockholm petition. Nor is Hiawatha the poem's only peace propagandist. Gitche Manito, the mighty, the creator of the nations, is equally suspect. After all, it is he who while puffing a *red* peace-pipe, mind you, dares to say,

I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

Of course, there are other ways of reading Longfellow's poem and other ways of interpreting Hiawatha's character. Regardless of the literary merits or demerits of "The Song of Hiawatha," its hero is plainly meant to be the most noble of all "Noble Savages," a man of celestial ancestry and divine powers, a prophet and deliverer of the nations, a godlike figure, an Indian Christus. But, alas, nowadays, the talent for misreading seems to be greater than the ability to read. Peace is the soldier's eternal dream. A period of war is, it would seem, the time of all times when it is both needful and loyal to think not only of peace but of the kind of peace which is war's excuse.

IF "Hiawatha" can be regarded as Communist propaganda "in the present temper of the country," one cannot help wondering what deletions will have to be made this Christmas in hymns which still dare to sing "Peace on earth and mercy mild" or "Peace on earth, good will toward men"; and to such a line as "Blessed are the peacemakers" or indeed in references to The Prince of Peace Himself.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Only Death

By Alex Austin

THEY plan carefully and die tomorrow
Lonely in a void, afraid, and lost.
They were told as children to be practical,
To place the proper ad, to join the Elks,
To send the kids to Sunday School, to read
The New York Times, buy Tel & Tel, smile
At the neighbors, curse them afterwards
In the bedded privacy of tired love.
They die with their insurance on their lips;
An open window tells no secret dream.
The curtains, starched and clean, move with the wind.
The corpse lies still, properly mourned and dressed.
They have always been safe, they walked no precipice
For the joy of saying to the sky, "I'm God."
Even in death, this safety: they breed no Heaven
And no Hell. They had no other way.

But we saw them from our eagle's perch.
We envied their contentment. How they smiled — !
When we could only laugh or cry! They slept!
But we would lie awake at nights, too filled
With dreams to leave the earth and sky behind
When we went searching blindly in the night
For better worlds. They spoke of peace; we wanted
Love. They worshiped kings and presidents
And motion-picture stars; we wanted God.
We were the hopeless creatures seeking Hope.
We were the clumsy dancers on the cliff.
We knew joy and grief; we wanted dreams.
We wanted Heaven, Hell — we lived for both:
We died for neither one; our lives had taught us
The one truth above all else: The only death
Is the dead life of those who will not live.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

THREE FROM A VERY OLD PARTY

"Sanatorium"—"a blend of emotional tones."

TRIO, three screen plays by W. Somerset Maugham, based on his original stories "The Verger," "Mr. Knowall," and "Sanatorium"; the first two directed by Ken Annakian, "Sanatorium" by Harold French; produced by Sydney Box; released by Paramount Pictures Corporation.

THE VERGER

Albert Foreman.....James Haytor
Emma Foreman.....Kathleen Harrison
Bank Manager.....Felix Aylmer
The Vicar.....Michael Hordern

MR. KNOWALL

Mrs. Ramsay.....Anne Crawford
Kelada.....Nigel Patrick
Mr. Ramsay.....Naunton Wayne
Grey.....Wilfred Hyde-White

SANATORIUM

Evie Bishop.....Jean Simmons
Major Templeton.....Michael Rennie
Mr. Ashendon.....Roland Culver
Mr. Chester.....Raymond Huntley
Mrs. Chester.....Betty Ann Davies
Dr. Lennox.....Andre Morell
Mr. Campbell.....John Laurie
Mr. Macleod.....Finlay Currie

THE SUCCESS of "Quartet," both artistically and box-office, made it almost inevitable that the experiment be tried again. Experiment it was, in a sense, for though the idea of linking a series of short films for feature presentation had occasionally been tried before, the series had never before consisted of stories by one author. Nor, I think it can be added, had the author's work, during the process of translation from book to screen, been treated with quite such respect. Thus we got W. Somerset Maugham's *quality*, his excellences along with his limitations, carried over into another medium, and it might very well be worth meditating for a moment on how "original" a movie appears to be when the author's essential artistic peculiarities are left in, instead of, as is generally the case, squashed out. The makers of "Trio" had the good sense not to tamper with the formula that had worked before and, beyond the elementary fact that three stories instead of four make up the omnibus, it can be said that this movie has been cut out of the same bolt of good British cloth. The author introduces his stories to us again, and directors who worked on "Quartet" have worked on "Trio." That rare thing has happened: a success has been repeated.

The stories chosen this time were "The Verger," "Mr. Knowall," and "Sanatorium" (from the Ashendon series). "The Verger" is not one of Maugham's great stories; it rather demonstrates the competence that some critics have suggested Maugham possesses in lieu of other qualities. As a short curtain-raiser it is entirely effective. A vicar's assistant is dismissed from his job because it is discovered, seventeen years late, that he can neither read nor write. No sooner does this misfortune occur than the verger begins to reap a series of good fortunes, all of them hinging upon his particular lack. It has been directed with quiet humor and appealing simplicity by Ken Annakian.

Whereupon Mr. Maugham appears again to introduce "Mr. Knowall," which, for my taste, is a delight and a brilliant little triumph. It's built around a fairly tricky little plot that involves some ship's passengers (notable among them a certain Mr. Kelada, who turns out to be a jewel merchant traveling to the Orient) and the identification as real or false of a string of pearls worn by the wife of a passenger. I won't divulge any more than this of the charmingly worked-out situation. I reread the story, one which takes up only eight pages, after seeing the film, and it was a revelation to notice how imaginatively the director, Ken Annakian again, had seized upon small details to build his scenes and had rendered subtle exposition into cinema color and movement. The emphasis in the story was upon the character of Mr. Kelada, and it remains so in the film. He is a horrifyingly extroverted chap, who annoys everyone aboard with his crudeness and frenetic exuberance. Nigel Patrick plays the role marvelously, and twenty-five minutes of his appearance are simply not enough.

BUT, as though aware of this consideration, the producers have allowed the last of the three to run as long as the other two combined. "Sanatorium" takes up problems of some people, Ashendon among them, forced to spend months and years in a rest home for tuberculars. Roland Culver as Ashendon achieves a pleasant likeness to Maugham, and Finlay Currie, Michael Rennie, and Jean Simmons are all first rate. But rich as the character portrayal is, this time a note of sentimentality has been allowed to creep in, though balanced by some stringent Maughamisms on the nature of prolonged illness. The treacle got a little in the way of my enjoyment of the film towards the very end; otherwise it's all thumbs up.

"Trio" will have from the very beginning a wider American release that did "Quartet." It will be an "A" picture, and it will be interesting to see to just what extent it "comes off" in a box-office sense. There are no stars, as such, for it to be hung upon (unless the star is Mr. Maugham himself), and even though some of its players have had important supporting roles in British and American productions, you will meet Roland Culver, Jean Simmons, and others as integrals in a story—the story seeming to choose them, rather than the reverse.

The basis for these two fine British films has been provided by short stories. Simple enough. And one would assume that since a vast literature of the short story exists, since more are written each year than plays, novels, and original screen treatments combined, that here is a tremendous body of potential material for film makers. It has been left, however, almost untouched by Hollywood. Here are some figures: in 1946 (a fairly typical year) exactly ten short stories were bought

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for screen use. During the same year Hollywood purchased 259 originals, sixty-five novels, and twenty-two stage plays.

It's not a matter of Hollywood's unawareness, for reading departments of all major studios report on and catalogue religiously practically everything that appears in print. The catch would seem to be that they haven't really got on to the technique of using them, for generally when used they are stretched beyond their limitations or used merely as a springboard into another story. "Tales of Manhattan," made some ten years ago, was an attempt, and a pretty sad one, to use them the way the British are doing it. The need was felt to provide a "frame" and the one selected was kind of silly. The British are smarter: the frame is the simplest matter of all to them, for the story is the thing.

I can't resist the temptation to get another peeve off my chest. There has been a dreadful need for a more wholesome and satisfying substitute for the shorts that make almost unendurable the first forty or fifty minutes one spends waiting for the feature to begin. (One calls up the theatre cagily and asks: "When does the feature begin? Not the *show*, the *feature*.") Why on earth can't we have something like "Mr. Knowall" instead of the insanity and sadism represented by most color cartoons, instead of the dull voice of Mr. Fitzpatrick intoning to us on the architectural wonders of Chicago?

Well, this is the way you feel when something like "Trio" comes along.

—Hollis Alpert.

SRL Recommends

Trio: Reviewed in this issue.

Difficult Years: A moving study of Italy's "little man" trapped in the coils of Mussolini's Fascist state.

Treasure Island: Not for Robert Louis Stevenson purists, perhaps, but the goings-on are exciting and bloodthirsty nevertheless.

Panic in the Streets: Great direction by Elia Kazan makes this story of a plague outbreak in New Orleans a top-notch offering with intense excitement.

No Way Out: Controversial film about race prejudice. Good performances. Powerful and disturbing.

Sunset Boulevard: The triumphant return of Gloria Swanson in a memorable story of backstage Hollywood.

The Men: The affecting plight of paraplegic war veterans made gripping by Marlon Brando's remarkable performance in the lead role.

Three Little Words: Fred Astaire and Red Skelton as the famous song-writing team of Kalmar and Ruby. A musical that's unpretentious and enjoyable.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 24*)

petual pageant of Guatemala," and the background dims and diminishes them. Even the setting is blurred with repletion of detail. For the young painters in this novel it was difficult to remember that art is not enumeration but elimination—and for a novelist it is difficult, too.

23rd Precinct

SIGNAL THIRTY-TWO. By Mackinlay Kantor. New York: Random House. 370 *pp.* $3.

By W. R. Burnett

MACKINLAY Kantor has been publishing novels for over twenty years and during that time has gone his own way to a markedly unusual extent in contrast to a good many other contemporary American novelists who have spent their days pushing some political patent medicine or else speaking for a clique. Propagandists and clique authors, though they prosper amazingly for a time, go suddenly out of fashion like women's hats. As a result of his independent course Kantor does not date and is as readable now as he was in 1928.

His work is unusually diversified and ranges from "Diversey," the first Chicago underworld novel, to "Long Remember," a fine Civil War story; and there is also "The Voice of Bugle Ann," which if not already an American classic should be. Unfortunately, his work is not only widely diversified but also very uneven: he swings from good to not-so-good with startling ease. As a long-standing admirer of Mackinlay Kantor I'm sorry to say that in my opinion "Signal Thirty-Two" is in the not-so-good category.

The subject he has chosen is an extremely interesting one, full of unusual possibilities. What is life like for the New York police officers whose job it is to keep the peace in the 23rd Precinct, an unusually troublesome section of the city, where almost anything anyone can imagine in the way of wrong-doing and depravity eventually happens? The 23rd is mostly a slum area, full of recently emigrated Puerto Ricans, who are bewildered by the complexity of the city, desperately poor, and used as political footballs by certain factions of the district.

Some parts of the novel are excellent, particularly the sections where Kantor shows us the hour-by-hour problems of two police officers in a squad car on night patrol in an area as dangerous and unpredictable as a jungle. We are one with them as we read and we share their fear, their disgust, their bewilderment, and their laughter. Kantor makes them very real indeed, human, fallible, sympathetic: men vastly undervalued and misunderstood by the public, going about an ugly, hazardous, but necessary business as other men go to an office and sit at a desk. No heroics; all in the day's work.

But the extremely interesting activities of these men are grafted onto a basic story of almost pure Hollywood triteness: the heroine with the weak brother who gets the heroine's boy friend (later, husband) into a jam; the likable older police officer who is a mortal cinch to be killed somewhere in the piece; the heroine who objects to her husband being a police officer and has her honeymoon interrupted owing to the call of duty. . . . ! A skilled professional, Kantor is able to put a gloss even on these tired, dull story-clichés. Let's not say any more about them.

Let's remember night in the 23rd, rapists on a roof, hoodlums beating up a garage owner, drunkenness, serious family brawls, an armed thug at bay, abandoned children, a neglected old man dying alone in a sixth-floor walk-up and only two ill-paid and unappreciated policemen in a squad car to prevent anarchy, to bring temporary order out of their beat's normal chaos.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 381

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 381 *will be found in the next issue.*

C BGCSESXMWAXF

CNYSPGME BKGASWM

WMJMG GMCNRML ARM

ARPGE RMPG.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 380

Opposition always inflames the enthusiast, never converts him.

—Schiller

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Sad Little Country

CATSPAW. By Mary Borden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 313 pp. $3.

By MERLE MILLER

AS WHAT John Hersey has called "the novel of contemporary history" Mary Borden's "Catspaw" is a failure. As a novel of suspense, an it-might-have-happened-this-way kind of thriller, it is a considerable success.

Miss Borden seldom digs much deeper than the late E. Phillips Oppenheim; she doesn't have to. Most of her characters or people strangely like them have recently appeared on the front pages. She didn't even need to invent a plot. Almost current events took care of that.

Although "Catspaw" is laid in a country circumspectly identified as being "Central European," there is not much doubt that it is really Czechoslovakia. And Prince Louis, her reckless, piano - playing, champagne - drinking protagonist, bears an uncomfortable resemblance to Jan Masaryk. The broken, compromising man called Bruno is reminiscent of Eduard Benes in his last days.

Miss Borden (or Mrs. Spears; she is the American-born wife of a British major general) tells her story in the first person. Her narrator is Alex, a friendless, sexless Communist spy who has two remarkable and necessary assets—an unfailing memory and eyes that have an expression of complete candor. Tula, the diplomat-agent who chooses Alex for his job, is delighted with the eyes. "That look of wide-eyed innocence is just the thing," Tula declares.

Alex, who first became a Communist in Vienna at the age of fourteen, is ordered by the Comintern to act as the personal secretary of Prince Louis. In addition Karl, the valet, Franz, the doorman, and even Josef, the chauffeur, are planted in Louis' house to keep an eye on Alex.

Before the last war Prince Louis hadn't paid much attention to politics. He became aroused only after Hitler reached Vienna; then he spent a foolishly heroic but useful life aiding the resistance and later as a member of Bruno's government-in-exile. He was included because the Comintern felt his presence would make the Government look respectable to the West.

When Louis and Alex return to the thirteenth-century fortress in which most of the action of "Catspaw" takes place the Communists already control the Government and, although the population is mainly Catholic, have converted a majority of the people. By

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the time Isobel, Louis' American-born wife, comes back there is no doubt that the country will soon become part of the Soviet orbit.

Alex, although he spends two years as Louis' secretary and reports regularly on all his activities, public and private, is never quite able to make up his mind about the prince. He was, Alex says, a "so-called Christian gentleman." He believed in loyalty, honor, truth, and duty, qualities which at first disgust Alex but later puzzle and intrigue him. In the end, when Alex finds that he has not only betrayed Louis but also himself, he is simply puzzled. Is it possible that Louis was right? Alex doesn't know, and neither does the reader of "Catspaw," which is one of the reasons it cannot be considered as serious fiction. Louis is not a heroic character; he is not really a tragic figure, although I have a feeling that Jan Masaryk was. Louis compromises, at first naively, later with cynicism; he tries to work with the Communists in a half-hearted attempt to prevent what was always inevitable.

By the time Father Zatec, the courageous priest (whose career is somewhat like that of Cardinal Mindszenty), is brought to trial on treason charges Louis knows that his attempts have been hopeless and finally, as was also inevitable, he jumps to his death. When his body is found there is a bullet in the back of his head, apparently, Alex explains, on the theory that being shot while "trying to escape" sounds better than suicide.

Alex gets away to Vienna and while hiding in the American zone there tells the story not only of Louis and of the sad little country that had its Soviet-sponsored "revolution" but also of his own disillusionment. Miss Borden is not very successful in explaining him. I suspect that she is rather like Isobel, who, Alex points out, would not have believed that when she was with Father Zatec Karl was listening at the keyhole. Such a thing was so foreign to her that ". . . if she had caught Karl she would have refused the evidence of her senses."

In Graham Greene's hands "Catspaw" might have been an "entertainment." With this difference: in Greene's light novels none of the preposterous happenings he describes could possibly have occurred; in "Catspaw" almost everything did, and there was nothing very entertaining in the events themselves.

Fiction Notes

RIVER AND EMPTY SEA, by Louis Vaczek. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. Here is a historical novel which gives you so much detailed information on its period you are likely to put up for long stretches with its great shortcomings. Mr. Vaczek, a Canadian of Hungarian parentage, tells the story of the first French expedition by land to the Hudson Bay in 1672, with a gusto which reveals a fascination with outdoor life uncommon in an author who has done, as he evidently has, an immense amount of scholarly research. The protagonist of his novel, Paul Denys, Sieur de Saint-Simon, is a young man who has fallen in disfavor in Paris. Sent to Quebec as the secretary to the Intendant, he has but one desire: to escape the crude colonial life and return to the amenities of civilization. The journey on which he sets off as King's agent, with the Jesuit Father Albanel, some months later, changes the course of Paul's life and makes a man out of the spoiled little would-be courtier. Needless to say, there are melodrama and romance aplenty in the book, which covers fifteen years of Canadian history. The novel's more or less wooden characters—there is, to be fair, some life in the priest—made me think of what Balzac said about James Fenimore Cooper: if he were as good at presenting people as he is in his descriptions of nature and customs, he would be a great novelist. Not that I mean to say Mr. Vaczek would. But he may well arrive at doing very good historical novels—if he'd only forget all the costume novels he seems to have read. —Robert Pick.

FOLLOW THE SEVENTH MAN, by Robert Standish. Macmillan. $3. This is a rather garish little romance set in the Malayan kingdom of Zimbatan. There is plenty of internal evidence throughout the book that Mr. Standish is entirely at home in the East, yet in this instance it is the people of the story who give to it the stilted and unnatural appearance of a tinted chromo. From the wooden British public servant Peter Rumbold and his story-book sweetheart, Susan, to Selim, the demoniacal Malayan potentate, the human element rings false at every touch. Their history is contrived all the way and we cannot take them seriously, which is too bad for the actual erudition which must have gone into creating a setting for them.

—Nathan L. Rothman.

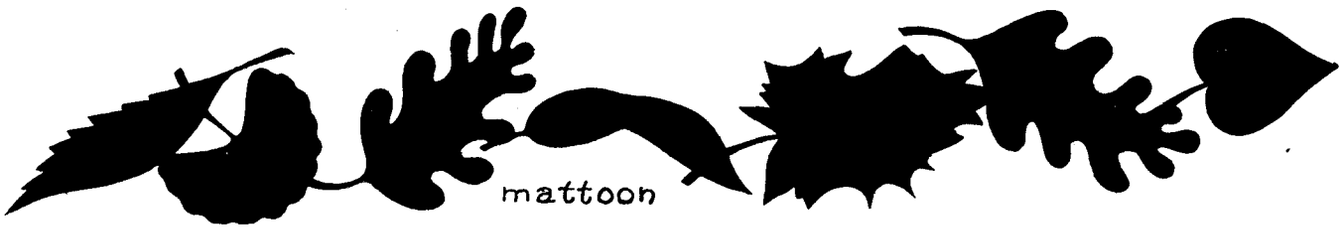
HERE TODAY, by John Coates. Macmillan. $2.75. In the confection of light fantasies calculated not to enlighten but to entertain, the English can be very very good or they can be horrid. List Mr. Coates as among the blessed. It is his not very original conceit here to have one of his principal characters, Sandy, moved backward and forward in time, taking the place now of a curate in Jane Austen's age, now of an Indian in the time of Montezuma, now of a Royalist trooper in the English Civil War. Part of the trouble is that these characters are meanwhile taking Sandy's place in the world of modern London.

Writers of feebler invention have usually been content to stop there and to bludgeon the reader with accounts of an endless number of supposedly amusing *contretemps* that result. Mr. Coates has not allowed himself to be so limited. Constructing his novel ingeniously around this original situation, he has made satirical forays against the practice of psychoanalysis, against interior decoration of the women's-magazine school, against office procedure, and against the institution of marriage. He has even managed to include a rather surprisingly tender and persuasive love story. And he has created in Eleanor, wife of the hero, a conversationalist of monumental incoherence who, without gags, is funnier than either Gracie Allen or Mrs. North.

Altogether a delightfully witty novel, and I withhold the words "urbane" and "charming" only for fear they would fail to indicate the more substantial pleasures the author has provided.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

FLOWERS ON THE GRASS, by Monica Dickens. McGraw-Hill. $3. Daniel, the protagonist of Miss Dickens's latest novel, suffers from a common twentieth-century malady—a sense of homelessness physical and mental, and an inability to attach himself to an idea, or even to people, with the exception of his young wife. But his wife dies in childbirth, and henceforth he drifts about England meeting a variety of people: Ossie, the bachelor librarian who tries



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touchingly to make a home for Daniel; "Mumma" Weissmann, who endeavors without success to bring Daniel under her wing; Blue Boy, a counselor at a screamingly funny English Holiday Camp; lastly a group of nurses at a very busy hospital. At the hospital, a temporary hostelry made necessary by a bullet in the ankle, Daniel also makes the acquaintance of two young people who haven't the money to marry and build a home. Daniel solves the problem by inviting them to his idyllic cottage in the country and simply leaving them there. The cottage is the one in which his wife died, to which Daniel has never been able to return. The title comes from a poem of Edward Teschemacher, in which a wandering caravan is said to leave flowers where it stops. This Daniel does, indeed, though not consistently, since some of his acquaintances refuse to accept his bohemian generosity or his untraditional advice.

Monica Dickens relishes her assortment of characters as much as her great-grandfather relished his Wellers and Pecksniffs. In fact, they run away under their own steam and from time to time abandon the main line, which is the life and tribulations of Daniel, teacher of art and observer of life. Daniel is an absorbing character, too, but in the course of the book he is less and less in evidence. The chapters, each a new encounter for Daniel, could almost be read separately. Highly recommended to anyone with a taste for or curiosity about that admirable and multifarious people—the English. —PATRICIA HIGHSMITH.

THE WITCH OF SPRING, by William Shore. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3. Another "romantic novel of New Orleans" overburdened with stale characters and awkward descriptions of their puppetlike performances. Jaime Kirkpatric, a wealthy, talented, and handsome young gentleman from New York, arrives in that Southern citadel of sin, falls in love with the beautiful, voodoo-versed Twila Murrel, and eventually becomes involved in a slave uprising which threatens to end white supremacy in the Mississippi Valley. Duels, voodoo meetings, quadroon balls, sex, murder, and mayhem add a feeble color to the proceedings.

Mr. Shore reveals a certain talent for handling straight action. If he had carried his slave revolution to a conclusion, describing for the reader the violent fury of such an undertaking, his story might have achieved some success. By nipping it in the bud, however, he merely achieves another happy and rather tasteless ending.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(Continued from page 44)

never to have been a dull moment and in his "Drawn from Memory" certainly none for the reader.

The work of Jay N. Darling ("Ding"), political cartoonist of the Des Moines Register and Tribune, *is syndicated in many American papers.*

Little Man at War

THE STORY OF ERNIE PYLE. By Lee G. Miller. New York: The Viking Press. 439 *pp.* $3.95.

By PAUL SANN

"THE HURT has finally become too great," Ernie Pyle wrote. It was summer's end in 1944, and the little guy was coming home—home from Anzio and a beach called Omaha in Normandy, home from St. Lo and other blood-drenched way stations on the glory road to Paris. He had put in twenty-nine months overseas, no less than a year of it in the lines with "the infantry, the God-damned infantry," whose story he had set down with such simple brilliance.

And, home, two things happened:

In New York the pearly gates of Publisher Roy Howard's residence were opened to let in the weary historian of the G.I.'s. There, over the Scripps-Howard poo-bah's own radio, he was treated to the privilege of listening to a campaign speech by Tom Dewey. He didn't listen; he fell asleep. This very likely dashed Mr. Howard's hope that his boy Ernie—syndicated to 400 dailies and 300 weeklies—would indorse Dewey for President. So much for the big evening with the boss.

In Albuquerque, back in his dream house only a few days, Pyle narrowly saved his wife's life after she had stabbed herself twenty times with a pair of scissors. And as he sat at her hospital bedside later the one thing she asked him was, "Are you Ernie Pyle?" This was Jerry, "the little lady" who rode with him in all the years when he did his roving column. This was Jerry, for her last ten years a helpless victim of whisky, dope, and her own mind. This was home.

The two incidents take the measure of this fine, merciless biography by Pyle's editor and best friend. Lee Miller goes back to the early Twenties with the gentle-hearted Hoosier. He was on the Washington *Daily News* when Pyle arrived—via Dana Farm, Indiana University, the college paper, and the La Porte *Herald*. Pyle "did time" on *The News* as reporter and then copyreader, moved to New York for a while to work on the copy desks of the *Evening World* and *Post*, and went back to the *News* and made it all the way to managing editor. In 1935 he packed Jerry—married 1925, divorced 1942, remarried by proxy in 1943 (Pyle was covering the North African campaign)—into an old jalopy and launched his roving column.

The story Miller tells is tragic and wonderful. It is tragic because the love story of Ernie and Jerry is a sodden thing alongside the correspondent's vast ultimate success in his profession. It is wonderful because you wonder how the little man was able to do it. He had no confidence in himself and no confidence in his life; he thought he was sick all the time and after a while he had nothing but misery at home. It was a misery named Jerry, and sometimes Ernie, and just when it began is sometimes hard to tell.

Jerry, a Minnesota girl, was a Government clerk when Ernie met her. After their marriage they set up housekeeping — if it could be called that—in a one-room flat bare except for two Army cots and a bathtub that was evidently just big enough for mixing your own gin. Ernie was a hard-drinking copyreader, and Jerry could stand a drink pretty well herself. The apartment became a watering place for all manner of lushes, and once a week the happy young couple swept out the cigarette butts and empty bottles—and started over.

Pyle outgrew all this as time went on, not that he ever found occasion to underwrite the work of the WCTU, but Jerry went all the way. And through it all love survived and Pyle managed to make his big strike. How he did it is something to contemplate. What Miller sets forth, and it has to be the answer, is that Pyle's thorough training and fine talent simply had to shine through when the moment came. The moment was the war.

In 1945 he paid $105,000 income tax on his earnings of the year before (the Pyle books plus the movie "The Story of G.I. Joe" and his syndicate share on the column) and then went to the Pacific for the Okinawa campaign and died on a quiet day on Io Shima. A Jap sniper picked him off. It was April 18, and Pyle was forty-four. Jerry accepted a medal for him in Washington and then went back to Albuquerque and she was dead by November.

Miller is still around, and when the book is written on how to write biographies in-the-raw, that's a pretty good man for the assignment.

Paul Sann is managing editor of the New York Post.

—From "Don't Shoot the Bill Collector."

Personal History Notes

DON'T SHOOT THE BILL COLLECTOR, by Preble D. K. Hatch. Crowell. $3. Mr. Preble stalks his prey in Maine, where the season on deadbeats extends from January 1 through December 31. Many people have always regarded Maine as one of our more upright commonwealths, inhabited by a citizenry reared in a cash-on-the-barrel-head philosophy, but this, apparently, is not strictly so. Actually Mr. Preble usually has little trouble collecting once he locates his game. His car seems to be much less dependable than his average client—each has a tendency to break down, the one to his discomfiture and the other to his advantage. It is doubtful if his recital of his experiences will be of much practical assistance to the fraternity of bill collectors, since Maine's holdouts seem to be considerably on the *sui generis* side. But Mr. Hatch spins his yarn with heartiness and gusto and with considerably less cynicism than one might look for in the premises.

ROAD WITHOUT TURNING: The Story of Reverend James H. Robinson: An Autobiography. Farrar, Straus. $3. When a white man came into the Robinsons' shanty in Knoxville he didn't take off his hat. Little Jim Robinson couldn't understand that at first —*he* always took off *his* hat. Later, and not much later, he understood. The bitterness of that understanding activates and permeates this book, which is the record of a life still very much in the living. The Robinsons came North to Cleveland and had running water in the kitchen sink, but "the Promised Land failed to materialize." James attended Lincoln University in Pennsylvania and then entered Union Theological Seminary in New York. "On the whole," he reports, "the seminary professors were square and more than decent." One of them, however, "felt that Negroes were not ready for so great a seminary as Union, but as a mark of his Christian charity he gave all Negroes a 'B' in his class." In Presbyterian Hospital for two days of observation, the black-skinned theological student was put on exhibition and urged by the demonstrating physician to "go back to the seminary, pack your things, get away

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from the real seat of your trouble"—in other words, "Go down South and get yourself a little church among your people." Instead, he remained at Union to become president of his class. He is now pastor of the Church of the Master in Harlem. He foresees a "triumphant future," but meanwhile "the paradoxical nature of the problem robs me not only of my patience but sometimes threatens to rob me of my hope." A colored dentist may treat a white patient in Fort Worth but not in Dallas. White taxi drivers in Baltimore will not accept Negroes as passengers, but their brothers in Knoxville will. Mr. Robinson "cannot stop at a hotel in Aberdeen, South Dakota, which probably has no more than a half-dozen Negroes in its population," but he got a room in St. Joseph, Missouri. The record of the colleges is even more whimsical. Alike as personal history, social study, and dynamic plea for decency, this vividly readable autobiography is a stimulating and important document.

SAGEBRUSH CIRCUIT, by Kendrick Strong. Macmillan. $2.50. This autobiographical fragment suffers somewhat from the honesty of its author. In the summer of 1936, while he was a Yale Divinity School student, Mr. Strong took over a Western missionary parish (here unidentified, but it sounds like Montana or Wyoming). His first problem was competition. Two exponents of the Single Gospel were on the ground—both girls. Eventually Mr. Strong's parish expanded to such a degree (twice the size of Rhode Island) that he had to call in his brother, a student at Beloit. There is quite a bit about jack-rabbit hunting and other extra-pulpit activities. The book is pleasant reading; it is often gay without stooping to flippancy or frivolity; it is rarely solemn and when it is it is so to good purpose. Actually, one gets little idea of how a frontier minister functions—of his day-to-day life, of his problems (except the Single Gospellers) and how he meets them. There is no minister's-wife angle, because Mr. Strong was a bachelor, and no romantic angle, because he was engaged to a girl who lived somewhere else. The man is much too honest. He is now pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and probably preaches a most listenable sermon.

MEMORY BAY, by John Fredric Gibson. Longmans. $2.75. There is neither vainglory nor vaunting in this little chronicle, which is as nearly impersonal as a book of personal adventure, some of it very lively adventure, can well be. Gibson writes of Cornwall, Lapland, the Grampians, Australia,

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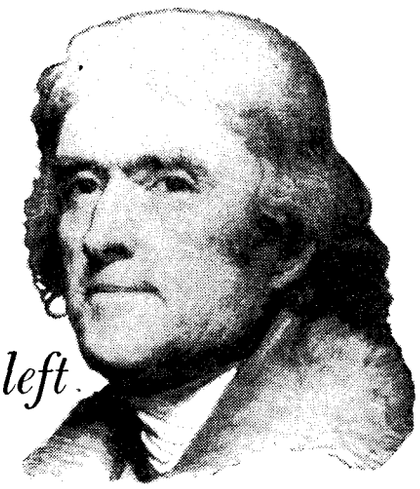

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and of fighting off Norway and in the Mediterranean. At the end, much traveled by land and by sea, he is back in Cornwall—to stay, if he has anything to say about it. He is a quiet, competent observer and writes with vivid economy. It is startling to learn that in the waters below New Zealand catching albatross is "quite a game"; the creatures are taken with a salt-pork lure (use no hooks), lifted aboard, and then let go—the pre-Coleridgeian superstition survives, and today's captured albatross loses only his dignity. Once trolling for albatross Gibson flushed a shark; in due course the giant was hooked and landed on deck, where the crew battered in its head with capstan bars before the powerful tail could lash out. Here is good escapism without benefit of romantics.

12 AGAINST CRIME, by Edward D. Radin. Putnam's. $3. Mr. Radin's deadly dozen include such technical experts as Dr. Thomas A. Gonzales, chief medical examiner of New York City; Captain Adam Yulch, of Laundry Mark Identification Bureau, Queens; Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, chief toxicologist of New York City; Dr. J. Paul de River, psychiatrist attached to the Los Angeles police; George H. Lamb, of the Abandonment Bureau, Queens; John F. Tyrrell, document authority; Dr. Alexander S. Weiner, Department of Serology and Bacteriology, New York City Police Department; George Chenkin, private investigator; Arthur Koehler, wood expert; W. H. Gasque, special investigator for the State of Florida; John A. Dondero, fingerprint expert, and the Arson Bureau of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Each specialist's competence is demonstrated by numerous examples, and the narratives make good and exciting reading. There are some pleasant little sidelights, such as the fact that Dr. Gettler, who has solved scores of murders with a test tube, has never visited the scene of a crime. The book is an agreeable antidote to tricky, fictional mysteries. Truth is trickier.

A CHARLESTONIAN'S RECOLLECTIONS, 1846-1913, by D. E. Huger Smith. Carolina Art Assn., Charleston, S. C. $3.50. Daniel Elliott Huger Smith, born at Charleston in 1846, died there in 1932, leaving this autobiographical chronicle written in 1913 as a keepsake for his children and his grandchildren. His reminiscences are discursive, tart, and opinionated, but they are indubitably honest and have some background historical value. The old gentleman got into the war in 1863 as a very young man, despite the fact that he had only one eye, but he admits that he "personally saw no great battles and not very much fighting"—a statement which tends to certify his competence as a reporter. His most entertaining recollections are his earliest — prebellum plantation life. There is some lively comment on the Reconstruction era, with a good, detailed account of the sorry state of the cotton market at that period. If Mr. Smith thought a man was a scalawag, as he frequently did, he said so. He refers occasionally to "the United States authorities" and his favorite reading was "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis, and "A Constitutional View of the War Between the States," by Alexander H. Stephens.

LEONIDAS LAFAYETTE POLK: Agrarian Crusader, by Stuart Noblin. University of North Carolina Press. $5. L. L. Polk died suddenly on June 11, 1892, at the age of fifty-five; had he lived a month longer he would certainly have been the Populist Party's candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Populism was something more than another third party; Dr. Noblin notes its influence on Bryan, the first Roosevelt, and Wilson, and sees "the fight for industrial democracy" since the Civil War, the "agrarian crusade," the Progressive movement, and FDR's New Deal as "successive connected steps." Polk, born a North Carolina middle-class farmer, became a plain dirt farmer by due process of war. He campaigned for a state department of agriculture, got it, and served as first commissioner. In 1886 he started the *Progressive Farmer*. Three years later he became president of the Farmers' Alliance, which developed into the largest agricultural organization in American history. Dr. Noblin, as assistant professor of history and political science at North Carolina State College, has a proprietary as well as a sympathetic interest in his subject, since the college is the realization of one of Polk's high-minded dreams. His factual, readable treatise does not lose sight of the man in his competent and lucid presentation of the larger implications of Polk's career as an agrarian reformer, and as a sterling exemplar of a noble and notable social consciousness.

COURTROOM: The Story of Samuel S. Leibowitz, by Quentin Reynolds. Farrar, Straus. $3.75. Five-sixths of this book is devoted to cases — all famous in their day, many now fixed in universal memory—in which Judge Leibowitz, then Attorney Leibowitz, appeared for the defense. Of them, the Scottsboro case had the greatest impact, and lacked neither drama nor melodrama, but the armchair juror who picks up "Courtroom" (and he will be fixed in his armchair for the rest of the evening) will find himself at least as gripped by the reconstructions of the dramas and melodramas centering around Harry Hoffman, Alvin Dooley, Robert Irwin, Ernest Wente, Vincent Coll, Laura Parr, Al Capone, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, and others remembered and unremembered.

Mr. Reynolds has a right to this book. He once wanted to be a lawyer himself and actually "stumbled through law school." While he was a law student he was also a reporter for the old *Evening World*, covering, at the moment, a case in which Leibowitz was appearing. "Watch that man Leibowitz in action," Reynolds's law-school professor told him. "You won't learn anything about the law of real property but you'll learn more about how to try a case than anyone in the law school can teach you." Mr. Reynolds has been watching him, with admiration and devotion, for twenty-odd years, and these attributes now take shape in this vivid and frequently exciting narrative sequence.

MEN AT WORK, by Richard Thruelsen. Harper. $2.75. These accounts of the workaday careers of sixteen Americans first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The group includes a department-store buyer, a railroad assistant superintendent, a state policeman, a Star Route carrier, a city engineer, a Merchant-Marine officer, a radio master of ceremonies, a movie-house manager, a city fireman, a tree man, a textile trainee, a reporter, a resort owner, a drive-in operator, a chicken farmer, and a city manager's assistant. In each case a definite, named-and-located individual (or his family) is the subject, and his job is described in detail, particularly those aspects of it which touch the public—here, of course, the reader. There is also considerable about how-to-do-it, but Thruelsen is not out to write a self-help manual; his chief concern is not so much what people do as what people do it. The value of his presentation is enhanced by the fact that he gives economic details of salaries, incomes, costs, expenses. The book is an excellent demonstration of the fact that Americana is not necessarily something that happened in 1767—it's going on right now.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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BOOKS WORTH READING

(*Continued from page 18*)

"Nuts in May," by Cornelia Otis Skinner (Dodd, Mead).
"The Wisdom of the Sands," by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.
"Napoleon's Memoirs," edited by Somerset de Chair (Harper).
"The Stevensons: Louis and Fanny," by Laura L. Hinkley (Hastings).

Fiction

"The Salt and the Savor," by Howard W. Troyer (Wyn).
"The Brother," by Feike Feikema (Doubleday).
"Professor Fodorski," by Robert Lewis Taylor.
"The Vexation of A. J. Wentworth, B. A.," by H. F. Lewis (Little, Brown).
"The Phaisan Bird," by Henry Williamson.

THOMAS B. SHERMAN
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

General

"The Social Crisis of Our Times," by Wilhelm Ropke (Chicago).
"The Human Use of Human Beings," by Norbert Wiener.
"Local Color," by Truman Capote (Random).
"Springtime in Paris," by Elliott Paul (Random).
"Poetry and Opinion," by Archibald Macleish (Illinois).

Fiction

"The Little World of Don Camillo," by Giovanni Guareschi.
"A Stretch on the River," by Richard P. Bissell (Little, Brown).
"Long the Imperial Way," by Hanama Tasaki.
"A Fearful Joy," by Joyce Cary.
"The Adventurer," by Mika Waltari.

SUZANNE MARTIN
Seattle Post-Intelligencer

General

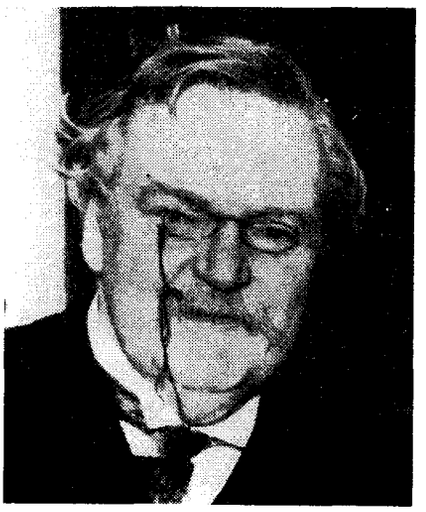
"The Liberal Imagination," by Lionel Trilling (Viking).
"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.
"Ideas and Men," by Crane Brinton.
"The Piano Works of Claude Debussy," by E. Robert Schmitz (Duell).
"Records: 1950 Edition," by David Hall (Knopf).

Fiction

"Parade's End," by Ford Madox Ford.
"The Collected Stories of William Faulkner."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Silver Blaze." 2. "Musgrave Ritual." 3. "Reigate Puzzle." 4. "Final Problem." 5. "Empty House." 6. "Norwood Builder." 7. "Three Students." 8. "Golden Pince-Nez." 9. "Abbey Grange." 10. "Second Stain." 11. "Red-Headed League." 12. "Blue Carbuncle." 13. "Speckled Band." 14. "Naval Treaty." 15. "Dancing Men." 16. "Cardboard Box." 17. "Bruce-Partington Plans." 18. "Dying Detective." 19. "Retired Colourman." 20. "Six Napoleons."



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BOSWELL PAPERS

(*Continued from page 14*)

time and place, can tell the complete details of what happened from this point on. For present purposes all we need to know is that, as Chaucer said somewhere in the glorious "Troilus": "to fisshen then he leyde out hooke and line." And who has more fun: the fisherman in planning his lures, or the fish in being caught by the perfect angler? Here there is legitimate question as to who was fish, who fisherman. For, after cordial relationship had been won, it was Lady Talbot who made the first cast. Did Colonel Isham think the papers had real value? Oh yes, said he; no doubt of it.

That was the right answer. A basis for fair dealing was established. It took many months of negotiation, but in the end, as Colonel Isham tells it, Lady Talbot persuaded him that they ought to sell the papers. In 1928, then, he was able to take title to the biggest single catch in literary angling. It included many treasures: some leaves of the manuscript of the "Life," some letters to and from Boswell, and the journals—not, however, including the one shortly to be published, which had never been at Malahide and was not then known to have survived.

The unexpected went on happening. An old box, supposed to contain a set of croquet implements, was found stuffed with manuscripts in 1930. Again, in 1937, Isham made personal search of the castle and turned up some remarkable things, including a pathetically intimate diary of Dr. Johnson's private anxieties. Then, in 1940, when the Government was looking for places to store food in wartime, the loft of a disused stable or outhouse at Malahide was cleared for this purpose—and what should turn up

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SMALLBONE DECEASED *Michael Gilbert* (Harper: $2.50)	Garroted corpse found in strongbox of posh London law firm. Scotland Yard's Hazlerigg, with brainy assist from needs-no-sleep Henry Bohun, provides neat solution.	Satisfying number of likable suspects for legal-trickery puzzle. Writing, plotting, humor, sleuths, atmosphere—superior, separately and combined.	Tops for any season
THE RED TASSEL *David Dodge* (Random House: $2.50)	Al Colby investigates witch doctors and sabotage for beautiful redhead at her Bolivian mine, 17,000 feet up. Murder finally gives show away.	Mystery fairly thin, but locale and characters interesting and authentic, Colby's logical mental progress fun to follow.	Lively and literate

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but two chests of Boswell archives.

To a relic-destroying and apartment-living generation these repeated discoveries may seem beyond belief. Yet they happened. Malahide is an ancient moated castle with stone turrets and battlements; and in such a sprawling structure there are always innumerable garrets, cellars, cupboards, ancient chests, and similar depositories for any kind of plunder that one wants to put out of sight and yet cannot bear to part with. So it is perhaps not so fantastic after all that the papers, once their value was established, continued to turn up. At any rate, Colonel Isham, having started on the trail, had no choice but to follow the spoor to the very bottom of his bank account.

In the meantime, no less astounding was the adventure of Professor Claude Colleer Abbott, then lecturer in English at the University of Aberdeen. Professor Abbott was looking for material for a new life of James Beattie, an eighteenth-century Scottish philosopher, a friend of both Boswell and Johnson, but quite forgettable now. Abbott found it necessary to examine papers preserved at Fettercairn House, not far from Aberdeen, an estate of Lord Clinton. Lord Clinton is the direct descendant of Sir William Forbes, one of Boswell's literary executors. To his amazement, going through a capharnaum of miscellany (this was October 1930 to January 1931) Professor Abbott found what completely sidetracked him from Beattie. In bags, bundles, bean sacks, and helter-skelter through the closets and attics of an ancient house he found some sixteen hundred letters and manuscripts and documents to, from, and by Johnson, Boswell, and their friends. Among them was the journal soon to be printed. Presumably Forbes had examined these papers during his executorship and had not got around to returning them to Auchinleck before he died.

Professor Abbott's catalogue of the Fettercairn papers took time to prepare. Announcement of his discovery was not published until 1936 and immediately precipitated a legal battle. The cause was throng with claimants, eventually reduced to four: among them Colonel Isham, who had secured an assignment of the claim of Lord Talbot. Another was the residuary legatee of Mrs. Mounsey, the Cumberland Infirmary.

The cause was pleaded before the Court of Session in Edinburgh, which awarded the property in equal shares to Colonel Isham and to the Cumberland Infirmary as claimants deriving their interests from the sisters Emily and Julia, Boswell's great-grand-daughters.

Legally, this settlement was quite correct. Practically, it presented a dilemma. For how are equal shares to be apportioned when the thing to be divided is, not money, but 1,607 items of literary material, the value of which still remains to be determined? The Cumberland Infirmary was for having the papers sold at auction and dividing the proceeds. But Colonel Isham wanted the papers themselves. In the end, after much negotiation, he succeeded in persuading the Cumberland Infirmary to sell its half interest to him; the price was agreed upon and the money paid. What with lawyers' fees, court expenses, and all the rest of it, old Mrs. Mounsey had cost the Colonel dear.

Colonel Isham had to wait until the Second World War was over to take possession of his new treasure. But at last came October 23, 1948, when a

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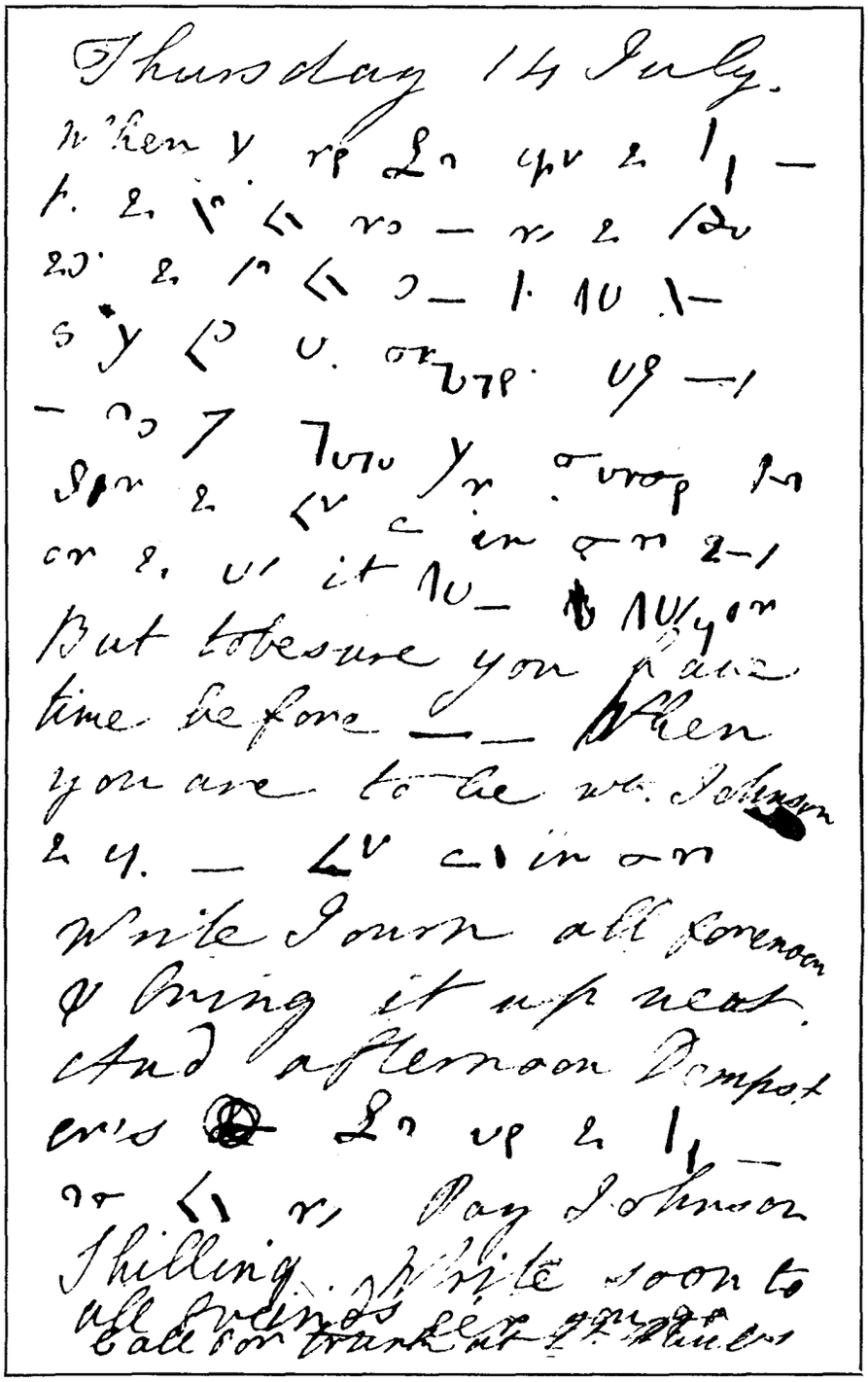
few friends assembled in his apartment in New York to celebrate the opening of the boxes from Fettercairn. With keen sense of chronology, the evening was linked to Oct. 23, 1773, when the usually abstemious Doctor called for "some of that stuff that makes Scotchmen happy."

Colonel Isham, looking taller and more lean than ever, was certainly happy on this occasion; but afterwards, realizing that his successful quest had sapped his fortune, he began groping for a possible and seemly redemption. You will find his solution in a headline on the front page of *The New York Times* for August 1, 1949: "Yale Gets Boswell Papers."

The news account told how Boswell's archives had found permanent sanctuary at Yale through a gift from the Old Dominion Foundation of



Besides his journal Boswell kept a series of daily memoranda. This one for 14 July 1763 reads: "When you rise, speak grave to Bob, and try to make him ride. Write to Temple today to take him down by all means. As you had low profligacy last night and could not fulfill your purpose, think either to have one in Park tonight or to let it alone altogether. But, to be sure, you have time before nine, when you are to be with Johnson, to go and have one in Park. Write journal all forenoon and bring it up neat. And afternoon Dempster's. Speak less to Bob and keep him right. Pay Johnson shilling. Write soon to all friends ere you go. Call for trunk at St. Paul's."

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Washington, established by Paul W. Mellon, and through purchase of all the publishing rights by the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Here the story seemed to end. But wonders never cease, and there is always room for a postscript. Recently, Lord Talbot died without issue. His title and the castle at Malahide passed to a relative who had no Boswell blood in his veins. The widowed Lady Talbot had to choose another residence; and the new Lord Talbot, in housecleaning, found—what else but more Boswell papers? Not having any claim on them, he sent them to Lady Talbot; and, even as these lines are written, negotiations have been concluded for their acquisition by Colonel Isham and for their transfer to Yale.

So endeth the fantastic history of the Private Papers of James Boswell; and in November beginneth their general publication.

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(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1950, Nathan Cohn. (My commission expires March 30, 1952.)

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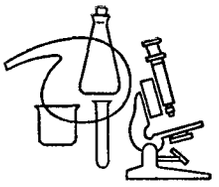

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HAYDN: SYMPHONIES ♯22 IN E FLAT ("DER PHILOSOPH"), ♯35 IN B FLAT. Vienna Symphony, Sternberg. Haydn Soc. LP: HSLP 1009		
HAYDN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN G. Edith Bertschinger; Vienna Collegium Musicum, A. Heiller. HAYDN: HARPSICHORD CONCERTO IN G. Erna Heiller; Vienna Collegium Musicum, A. Heiller. Haydn Soc. LP: HSLP 1014		Two interesting concertos, also from the earlier years. The harpsichord work is reminiscent of Haydn keyboard sonatas—*galant*, pensive, utterly unlike Mozart. (Two harpsichords used, one for continuo accpt.) The violin work is a surprise—a strongly baroque work with considerable concerto grosso in it; almost Vivaldi or Handel, even Bach-like in slow mvt. (but it was written only a half dozen years after Handel's death). The playing in both strikes me as about the best so far from the H. Society—intense, highly communicative, accurate. Recording is excellent; good balance.
HAYDN: THE LONDON TRIOS (1794). Philip Kaplan, Lois Schaefer, flutes; Samuel Mayes, cello. Allegro LP: AL 48 (10″)	Scratchy surfaces and some distortion don't spoil the naturalness of this basically excellent recording. Flutes particularly nice sounding.	Late Haydn: gay, full-bodied, occasional music for three instruments in humorous-serious, outward mature style we know best in Haydn. Fine playing.
HAYDN: PIANO SONATAS ♯20 IN C MINOR (1771), ♯50 IN C (1794). Virginia Pleasants. Haydn Soc. LP: HSLP 3013 (10″)	Good natural piano, though recording is not uniform—evidently done in diff. sessions. A bit percussive, considering the careful, quiet type of playing.	Sonata ♯20 is another of the "tragic" works; deeply serious, beautifully dissonant. ♯50, from London years, has the strong theme-germ ideas of Mozart-Beethoven; could pass for Beethoven in many spots, easily.
BIZET		
BIZET: "L'ARLESIENNE"—SUITES ♯1 AND ♯2. Berlin Philharmonic, Schuricht and Schmidt-Isserstedt. Capitol LP: L 8098* (10″)	This is up to high Telefunken standards — excellent clarity, wide tonal range. A good record for demonstrations, though a bit scratchy.	The familiar music in a very much alive performance. The excellent clarity of detail in the recording helps a lot.
BIZET: "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH." DELIUS: "OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY." Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. Columbia LP: ml 2133 (10″)	A bit tubby compared with the Capitol "L'Arlésienne" —but this due partly to usual heavier British bass that comes through on LP's. The recording suits Delius's heavier music perfectly. Couldn't be better.	Two Beecham favorites, adding to his extensive personal LP catalogue now abuilding. Lovely solo details in Bizet, but loud *tutti* are weighty. Nobody touches Beecham in playing this moody, Wagner-impressionist Delius. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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VOLTAIRE

(*Continued from page 25*)

liberty, and as he lived in a France where even the liberty to inoculate against smallpox was a matter for the decision of theologians and not of physicians, his deepest notion of freedom was freedom from theocracy, not from monarchical absolutism. Meanwhile, he had observed in Holland that commerce bred freedom of worship: men of all creeds met peaceably on 'Change to do business together; whence he concluded that business promoted tolerance. In England he saw that a man of business could be not only a useful citizen but a gentleman and even a member of the governing class. Contrasting the decorum and the achievements of such men with the frivolity and futility of the French court, he came early to prefer the former kind of man to the latter. He had made himself rich in order to make himself independent (though quite early he began to take no royalties from either publishers or play actors), and it was as a self-made man that he viewed the world. Thus he wrote *sententiae* that might have come out of New England:

"The surest sign that you are beneath your job is that you think yourself above it."

"I pity the man who staggers under the burden of his leisure."

"It is not the poor, the common laborers, who ought to be taxed. They should be made to feel that they may one day be lucky enough to pay taxes."

"It is not money that enriches a nation, but mind. I mean the kind of mind that manages labor."

"*Politikos* used to mean citizen. Nowadays it means the enemy of the citizen."

IN sum, Voltaire was the greatest rationalizer of the bourgeois view of life that ever lived. It is absurd to say, "Had he not been a man of flaming moral passion," "Had he not been a man of genius," he would have been —so-and-so. But if we were to risk that absurdity we should find ourselves concluding that without his passion, without his genius, he would have been a Ben Franklin, fit brother to the Founding Fathers.

Lewis Galantière, author and translator, is currently working on a study of Voltaire. This is the third of a series of literary re-evaluations that SRL *is presenting in conjunction with the National Broadcasting Company and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*

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THE FINE ARTS

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE: THE WEDDING OF THE ARTS

SEVERAL years ago in this column I complained, with what I hope was justifiable as well as evident dismay, about the indifference of most American poets and novelists toward the fine arts. Not only do the majority of our writers seldom look at painting and sculpture, but they are totally uninterested in related fields such as architecture, design of various kinds, and photography. This is a rather puzzling state of affairs. For it might be assumed that writers have something to gain from a study of visual imagery: a sharpened perception; a new use of setting, as in the case of the eighteenth-century "Gothick" novelists, who based their menacing scenery on the landscapes of Salvatore Rosa; even a guide to literary structure, like that which the young Hemingway discovered in the art of Cézanne. But no, our writers for the most part go their separate way. It is nevertheless a significant fact that some of the greatest are among the exceptions.

In France, of course, matters are different. There many of the leading writers have been nourished by the fine arts. In turn they have done a very great deal to elucidate the aims and achievements of their artist friends. The record of modern-art criticism in Paris would be unimaginably impoverished if it lacked the contributions of Gide, Artaud, Malraux, Cocteau, Aragon, Eluard, and many, many others.

How much American artists might profit from the sympathy and understanding of their literary colleagues seems to me more than ever apparent after rereading lately the works of the Polish-French poet Guillaume Apollinaire. Had he lived, Apollinaire would now be seventy. He died in 1918 at the age of thirty-eight. But his fame has grown steadily with the years. It is likely to grow still more in this country as a result of Roger Shattuck's newly issued translation of many of Apollinaire's best poems and short prose pieces.* The book includes a long and extremely good foreword by Mr. Shattuck; the translations of the poems are printed directly opposite the original French—the ideal procedure, without doubt.

In art circles Apollinaire's renown as a critic of modern painting is also great, though it is a depressing indication of the gulf between the arts in our country that people who read him as a poet seldom read him as a critic, and vice versa. But no such divorce of interests occurred in Apollinaire's own career and thought. From the very beginning of his maturity as a writer his life was bound up with painting and painters, and it is a strangely appropriate, if melancholy, circumstance that his name became widely known when, in 1911, he was jailed for six days on the false charge that he had stolen the "Mona Lisa" from the Louvre. In "Calligrammes," as is well known, he tried to give his poems a visual excitement through unorthodox typographic patterns. Many of his closest friends were artists; he loved and was loved by Marie Laurencin; his apartment on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, still preserved by his widow, was a gathering place for many of the best painters of our time, and their pictures hung on its walls.

In 1913 Apollinaire published "Les Peintres Cubistes," which established him as the foremost literary champion of the abstract movement. A new edition in French of this celebrated work, long out of print abroad, has just been released by Pierre Cailler in Geneva ($2.50 in American art bookshops). It is announced as the first recent reissue of the entire text, but I cannot see that it is more complete than the English translation by Lionel Abel, which has been available since 1944 (and lately revised) in Wittenborn & Co.'s invaluable series, The Documents of Modern Art ($1.75). The Geneva edition does, however, reproduce many of the original illustrations, whereas the Wittenborn reprint merely lists them and uses comparable works in their place. But the American plates, though small, are firm and clear and are printed alongside relevant passages in the text, while the Cailler cuts are frequently gray and fuzzy and are grouped in the back of the book. At any rate, we can take pride in New York's alertness as international art center when we con-

*THE SELECTED APOLLINAIRE WRITINGS. Translated with a critical introduction by Roger Shattuck. New York: New Directions. 272 pp. $3.50.

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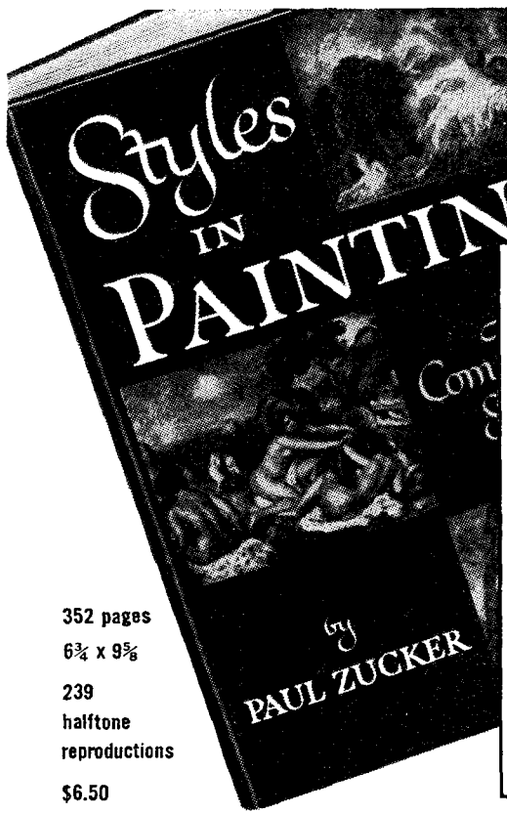
sider that the first Wittenborn edition preceded the Swiss reprint by six years.

The fame of Apollinaire's writings on cubism has tended to obscure other façets of his extraordinary taste. He was, for example, the first effective supporter of Giorgio de Chirico, whose paintings of 1911-15, executed in Paris, were an almost absolute negation of everything for which the cubists stood. How may we explain Apollinaire's admiration for the youthful and unknown Italian, whom he eventually called "the most astonishing painter of the young generation"? The answer, I imagine, is that the diversity of the poet's own gifts enabled him to appreciate opposing pictorial styles at the very moment when they were being created. For, if many of his poems seem related to cubist painting, others are much closer in spirit to De Chirico's lonely direction. It is no accident that Apollinaire invented the word "surrealism," while De Chirico was the principal forerunner of surrealist painting. The two men had in common a profound faith in the esthetic value of the unexpected, in what Apollinaire called the element of "surprise," referring not only to his own aims as a poet, but also, specifically, to De Chirico's art. Indeed, Mr. Shattuck might be speaking of either man's achievement when he lists the following attributes of Apollinaire's poems ". . . the animation of dead objects . . . the most rash and distant of associations, and the gratuitous combination of things in order to produce unforeseen meanings."

That Apollinaire was able to appreciate at their inception two of the main tendencies of modern art—abstraction and surrealism—is in itself a remarkable feat. But that is by no means the whole story of his sensitivity to painting and sculpture in varying forms. He was able to say of Seurat that "he reorganized the whole art of his time," and to sense the full grandeur of the great neo-impressionist. He was not among the first to take the Douanier Rousseau seriously but he became a powerful factor in that artist's rise to a fame whose apex even now has not been reached. He saw the importance of Brancusi, today acknowledged as one of the finest twentieth-century sculptors, at a time when few people knew what Brancusi proposed in fighting clear of Rodin's shadow. And the story of Apollinaire's acute judgment goes on. It will probably not be fully known until his collected works are published, including his critical writings in his own magazine, *Les soirées de Paris*, and in the newspapers *L'Intransigeant*, *Le Temps*, *Le Petit Bleu*, and *Paris-Journal*. Fortunately, we



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by PAUL ZUCKER

Professor of Art and Architecture at Cooper Union, and lecturer at the New School, Paul Zucker has published many scholarly works on art. This is his first book for the general reader.

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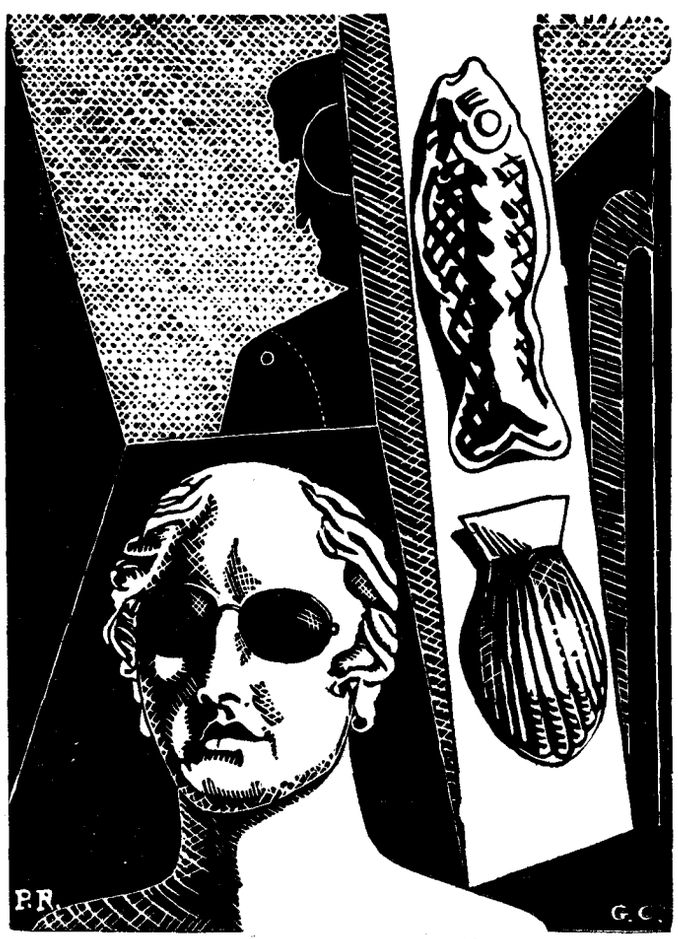
can expect the definitive edition before too long. It is now in the capable editorial hands of Marcel Adéma, a wholesale potato dealer of Paris, who is the leading French authority on Apollinaire. It will reveal, I think, that the poet's visual taste was far more catholic than we suppose.

Certainly had Apollinaire lived he would have continued to be an eloquent leader of vanguard opinion as to the arts. But that, alas, was not to be. Though foreign born and hence exempt from military service, Apollinaire joined the French Army in the fall of 1914. He fought valiantly and with incredible personal optimism until 1916, when he was wounded in the head by a shell fragment. There ensued two trepanations which left him too weak to survive an attack of Spanish influenza. He was buried on Armistice Day. As a final indication of the part art played in his life, his fatal wound had been foretold by De Chirico's portrait of 1913-14, wherein the poet's Medicean profile appears in the background as a silhouette—a white circle where the bandages were to be. The portrait was engraved by Pierre Roy (see illustration) for an unpublished edition of "Calligrammes," significantly entitled by the poet himself: *"Et moi aussi je suis peintre."* —JAMES THRALL SOBY.



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

De Chirico portrait of Apollinaire, wood engraving by Pierre Roy.

For the Home Beautiful

ENGLISH FURNITURE ILLUSTRATED. By Oliver Brackett. Revised and edited by H. Clifford Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co. 300 *pp.* $15.

DECORATING FOR AND WITH ANTIQUES. By Ethel Hall Bjerkoe. New York: Doubleday & Co. 250 *pp.* $3.95.

By RLENE L. HOWELL

OLIVER BRACKETT'S "An Encyclopaedia of English Furniture," published in 1927, has been revised and edited for an American edition as "English Furniture Illustrated" by H. Clifford Smith, a one-time associate of the late Mr. Brackett at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The genealogy is something like this: Oliver Brackett was Keeper of the Department of Woodwork until 1935. He was succeeded by Mr. Smith, reviser of this book, and in turn was succeeded by Ralph Edwards, who wrote with Percy Macquoid the justly famous "Dictionary of English Furniture."

Mr. Brackett was for a long time an outstanding authority on English furniture and wrote a fine study on Chippendale, perhaps one of the best books on that master.

The text or introduction of the book is small and unimportant and only useful as a superficial survey of the various lump periods from the Gothic and Early Tudor to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The Elizabethan and Early Stuart periods and that of Charles II to William III are covered hastily.

The particular quality and intention of the book lies in the magnificent illustrations. These have been chosen with an eye toward the finer qualities of craftsmanship, yet selected also to demonstrate the peculiarities of the style of the various periods represented. There are 240 in all, including besides the chests, tables, chairs, etc., some paintings representative of the time and a few fine examples of cut-glass chandeliers.

It is continually amazing to see the elaborate craftsmanship and detail, though often torturous, that went into the making of household pieces. An ostensibly simple oak chest (plate III) of medieval, joined construction made about 1300 has beautifully chip-carved roundels to embellish the front. Each one is different and delightful in its geometric simplicity. A solid-oak reading desk illustrated is wonderfully constructed and resembles a small pulpit—and, indeed, it was probably used for reading to a congregation. Two oak forms are of trestle construction; a long slab of wood for a top board rests on two uprights, underframed with ogee arches and curves. The Great Bed of Ware, an amazing piece of furniture ten feet nine inches square and eight feet nine inches high, all elaborately carved and decorated, is shown, and Mr. Smith has added in the back section even its references in Shakespeare ("Twelfth Night"), Ben Jonson ("Epicoene"), and Lord Byron ("Don Juan").

As the furniture grew more sophisticated it became more complex and ornate. The massive tables and beds were decorated with elaborate carvings and inlay, which came more and more into fashion. There is an excellent selection of things of this type. One fine example is a walnut cabinet decorated with marquetry panels which has olive-wood oyster pieces bordered by holly and an ebony background. Marquetry was used to decorate all manner of pieces. After the period of William and Mary decorative arts became lighter and more graceful. All too few charming Queen Anne pieces illustrate this transition.

A large number of pieces of the so-called Chippendale period are represented, betraying Mr. Brackett's interest in the work of this cabinetmaker. Work, too, of George Hepplewhite and Thomas Sheraton design is illustrated as well as several florid pieces of Empire influence. Fortunately, little attention is paid to the Victorian style and the monstrosities conceived during this period of decadence in craftsmanship.

Mr. Smith has added to Mr. Brackett's original work a number of new illustrations and a fine and particularly useful section describing the reproductions. Here known data and anecdotes regarding the pieces are given.

The book is a useful one for students

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MEET: J.J. THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF BRADLEY'S POEM 'DRIFTING TO CONSTANTINOPLE'"
CISSIE

"I deliberately never read the poem, since I wanted to give the analysis a fresh-from-the-garden, cut-out-of-real-life quality."

of English furniture, and for those interested only in home decoration it will serve as a guide to selection.

"Decorating For and With Antiques" is a book primarily for the amateur and professional interior decorator interested in American antiques, not for the serious student of American decorative arts. So there can be no mistake about the intention of the book, it starts with a lesson in colors for the beginning homemaker.

The periods of American decorative arts are divided into four main groups: Early American (from the settlement to 1720), Colonial (1720-90), Federal (1790-1830), and Victorian (1830-80). These are discussed in relation to modern techniques in decoration. Mrs. Bjerkoe is a New Englander by birth and habit and consequently looks to New England as the source for her examples, taking as a focal point such towns as Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for the Colonial period and Salem, Massachusetts, for the Federal.

Besides the primary lesson in color, the first section treats of wallpapers, stenciled and painted walls, spinning, weaving, furniture, etc. These are discussed individually before the major decorating periods are broached.

In the second section the four periods plus the Greek Revival (1820-50) are dissected in a chatty manner. The general characteristics of a period are interspersed with bits of information about the social customs, dress, and habits of the early Americans. Their architecture is touched on as well as the furnishings and accessories.

Section III deals with interiors modeled today with the use of antiques. This section, besides showing the style and different kinds of furniture to be used in a certain type of setting, includes helpful hints such as displaying choice objects with modern indirect lighting, plate-glass doors, etc., and using the back of a Victorian rose-carved love seat for the headboard of a bed, and so on.

It is Mrs. Bjerkoe's contention that a house done in period style need not be consistent throughout. It must first suit the family and be, above all, comfortable. Many collectors would seriously quarrel with this approach to a decorative bedlam, especially such suggestions as Currier and Ives prints (nineteenth century) and hooked rugs (nineteenth century) in an Early American house (seventeenth and early-eighteenth century), or the conversion of Chinese vases, ginger jars, Staffordshire figurines into lamps. It is sincerely to be hoped that the charming figurines of Staffordshire will not be mutilated by the addition of an electric bulb or, for that matter, vases and jars.

Probably the most useful part of this book is the appended list of the historic houses of New England, their regulations, open days, and hours. At these houses the homemaker can see for herself how these antiques can be and are used.

Rlene L. Howell is an assistant in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Daring Mannerist

PARMIGIANINO: His Works in Painting. By Sydney J. Freedberg. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 265 pp. 167 illustrations. $12.50.

By Meyer Schapiro

PARMIGIANINO belongs to a phase of sixteenth-century painting which was long considered decadent, a hardening of the supreme accomplishment of the High Renaissance into an affected, mannered style. During the last decades, however, this art has become more congenial to modern taste; it no longer appears a simple academicizing of Raphael and Michelangelo but a distinct art with its own methods and ideals. What had once seemed abstruse, exaggerated, and irrational, seems to us now a necessary and consistent expression. Parmigianino, Pontormo, Bronzino, the old Michelangelo, Tintoretto, and El Greco attract us through those very aspects of their art which had repelled a strict classic taste. We may describe this movement—now called "mannerism" without the old invidious meaning—as a return to emphases and attenuations of feeling in an art which had achieved its greatest triumphs in pursuing balance and harmony of forms and an idealized image of the rational, self-possessed man.

It is precisely the expression of the obstructed and insecure in the human soul, the secret revery, self-constraints, and sudden élans of feeling in figures destined for harmony and freedom, that brings these artists closer to our time than Raphael. While retaining much of the High-Renaissance articulation of the human figure —as the architects of the period retained the classic orders—, the mannerist painters were in many ways similar to the medieval. They were led to a more intricate composition and to figures which evoke in their torsions and long, drawn-out forms a private spiritual preoccupation; the surface patterns are often congested, the depth is reduced, the format tends to the vertical, and there is an evident search for ambiguous relationships. If the first mannerists fail to achieve the high quality of Raphael—who for modern pro-mannerist taste is insufferably harmonious and shallow—they include some important artists, men who were able to preserve a personal vision and create a new art in the shadow of Raphael and Michelangelo.

Among these Parmigianino is one of the most original and daring. He was a precocious youth who produced works of astonishing skill before he

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was twenty-one. All that we learn of his short life—he died at thirty-seven—points to an exceptional personality of strange impulses and inner difficulties. His work is of uneven inspiration and sometimes unfinished; we are not surprised that the line of growth of his art should be irregular or unclear; much in his painting remains obscure after all the modern delving. Coming from Parma, where Correggio was at work, his painting is strongly affected by that master, but his art was also shaped by Raphael's. Vasari described it as one of "loveliness, sweetness, and grace," but its appeal comes also, I think, from the moods of fragility and doubt and sad revery within the paintings. The images of the Madonna and Christ Child surprise us by their intimacies and revelation of subtle feeling, sometimes of a complex eroticism—the child at once male and female, and the surrounding objects echoing the ambiguities of the figures. There is something of the English Pre-Raphaelites in this play of obscure meanings in poetic themes which on the surface appear to be guided by a simple thought of tenderness or melancholy love.

Dr. Freedberg's book is the first full-length study of Parmigianino in English, a work of careful, probing scholarship in which every known painting by the artist is analyzed and located within his career. Besides the catalogue of authentic pictures there is a discussion of all those works that have been mistakenly attributed to him. The author's devoted scrutiny of the paintings and drawings, his mastery of the literature of his subject give us confidence in his conclusions about the problematic pictures. Yet we feel in reading this heavily written book that Dr. Freedberg has constrained himself too much, allowing too little place to his warmest impressions and reactions. As a critical study it lacks freshness and suffers from a certain narrowness and repetition, due mainly, I think, to the method. The observation of pictures tends to fall into a uniform pattern of analysis, governed by a retracing of the lines as a kind of railroad track for the eye, with definite terminals and stations; he therefore misses some interesting pictorial ideas of the artist which do not fit into this mechanical way of seeing pictures. The light-and-dark structure of the paintings is largely neglected. Because of his belief that Parmigianino is a "decorative mannerist," as opposed to the "expressive" mannerists, the expression is searched with less seriousness than the pattern of lines, and the subject matter is often slighted. The account of the portraits is better in this respect and contains fine observations on the physiognomic of the sitters and Parmigianino's vision of man. Dr. Freedberg notes in particular an accord between the artist's attitude and the disturbed aristocratic sensibility of his subjects, which is basic for the creation of mannerism. He refers the latter to a cultural crisis in Italy, but this historical explanation is left vaguely allusive, for the crisis in question—the momentary debacle of the Renaissance in the 1520's and 1530's—is barely described.

Meyer Schapiro is associate professor of the fine arts at Columbia University.

Henri Rousseau

By James Michie

THE OTHERS never let him know he would be honored,
But arguing among themselves came in,
Ransacked his tobacco, drank up his drinks, and clamored good-humoredly
For a snatch on his violin.

So he played to them blinking, and happy as a bee to
Be loved and fooled both at once,
Till a roar from Gauguin stopped it. He stored away his fiddle did the grave
Douanier, the dunce,

While all the gin-happy company, brawling like bakers,
Wrangled over the minutiae of paint,
Then left, with a wink at the last joke, when somebody dubbed him
Genius, or saint.

Bewildered by everything but his own wildernesses,
Gnomelike in the mad attic he stood
And pondered on leaves as big as basins and quizzical tigers
In their cramped black sanctum, the wood.

A New Esthetic

MODERN ART IN THE MAKING. By Bernard Myers. New York: McGraw-Hill. 457 pp. $7.

By Ralph Wickiser

THE key to the isolation of the modern painter as a cultural force in contemporary society can be found by tracing the historical, social, and cultural developments which actuate and guide stylistic trends in art. In this process the creative artist interprets his era by reinterpreting the plastic tradition. To understand modern art we must examine the interplay of social forces on the artist's point of view as well as his individual personal and esthetic problems.

Thus Dr. Myers defines the issue of his book. He traces the rise of individualism through the creative artist from 1789 when royal patronage ended and artists faced the uncertainties of free competition. He finds that David is the first modern artist, consciously aware of the social significance of his art. It was David and the revolutionary painters who swept away the Royal Academy and the rococo style, initiating the modern concept of exhibitions.

Weaving a deft portrait of the individualistic Goya, Dr. Myers shows how his painting embraces the romantic, realistic, impressionist, and expressionist viewpoints. Romanticism, he finds, is an ". . . emphasis of the irregular over the regular, the picturesque over the formal, the vague over the clear, and the exotic and mysterious over the rational."

As the working class emerged, political instability created greater freedom for the artist to exhibit. The "nouveau riche," conservative in taste, became the empowered patron. The new freedom created a new esthetic, sensed and practised by Gericault and Delacroix. Public scorn greeted their efforts and a conflict arose between patron and artist over his manner of working rather than his subject matter. This presages the long struggle of the modern artist to discover new means of expression, then to be declassed for his esthetic views.

England's significant artist, Hogarth, aggressively condemned the aristocracy and was constantly at odds with art experts and customers of traditional painting, a situation which became the norm for later creative artists. The British landscape school greatly influenced French romantic art, the Barbizon school, and later the impressionists. This interest in nature stems from the middle class, who loved the picturesque and sublime.

In the romantic French landscape,

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man becomes a part of the universe and not its yardstick. Corot, by virtue of his figure paintings, stands among the great French masters. As French bureaucracy developed, the realist movement culminated with Millet, Courbet, and Daumier, who glorified the everyday world in various ways, protesting the materialism of the age.

Manet, the realist, bridges the gap to impressionism and was concerned with how to paint rather than subject matter—the key to modern art. Impressionism glorified nature and was molded by its interest in the scientific phenomena of light, color mixture, and color effects. Pissarro's significance and stature are cogently observed by Dr. Myers.

Cézanne began the reaction to the plastic formlessness of impressionism while Seurat, Renoir, Gauguin, Rousseau, and Van Gogh tried to organize reality into patterns and symbols. Their isolation signifies the new trend toward social isolation for the creative man. A triple paradox—the artist's desire for a permanent technique, the isolated artist's attempts to express the world, and the devastating forces of mechanized society—helped mold the modern-art technique. Cézanne's planes were reassembled experimentally by Picasso and Braque in cubism or the color forms of Fauvism. Seurat's space concept and rigid forms move logically into futurism, thence purism. Van Gogh's regular spots of color become inchoate masses in expressionism.

Dr. Myers discusses the various movements and personalities of twentieth-century art with scholarship and keen social perception. He shows, for instance, that expressionism grew out of the period of intense militarism in Germany, where the artist, affected by the cultural separatism of the German state, the sudden shift to industrialism, and a strong religious yearning, searched for inner meanings. Again he shows that dadaism and surrealism were primarily literary movements: an attempt to portray the illogical, spontaneous, unreal, and untraditional, based largely on Freudian psychology.

Modern art in America, he finds, grew out of European influences. Marin's work is closely akin to the cubist-futurist views. Stuart Davis developed an original style out of cubism. Paul Burlin's individualistic style developed out of expressionism, making him one of the strongest and most moving American painters. He believes that the European tradition has become absorbed in American culture. His portrait of the social forces shaping Mexican art is especially interesting.

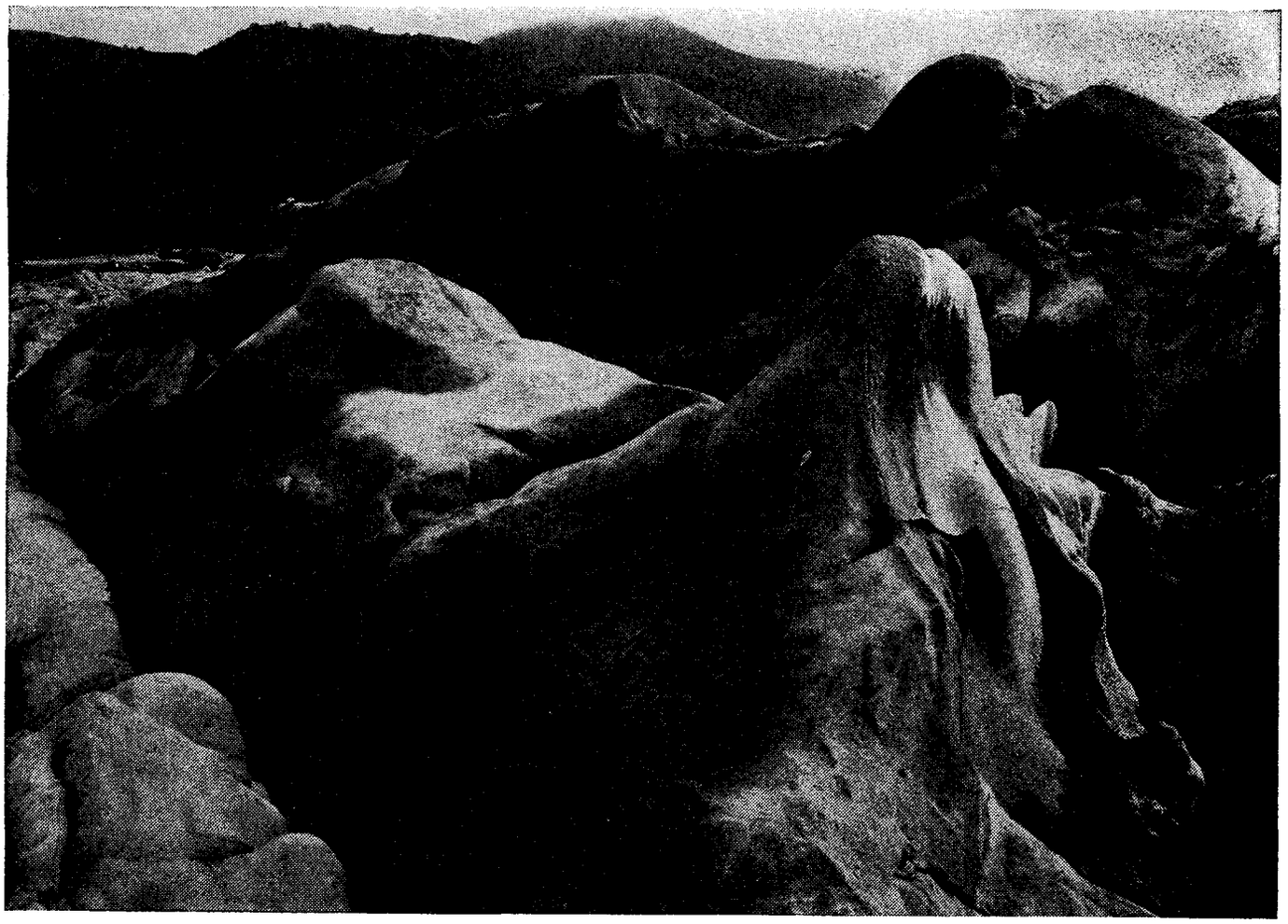
Dr. Myers succeeds admirably in establishing the creative artist as a vital force in ideological development of our culture. His portraits of the significant artists and art movements go beyond the usual documentation into the psychological, social, and political forces which motivated them. It is a revealing "behind-the-scenes" account of the modern creative artist's struggle for freedom of expression.

Dr. Myers has inserted in the text more than 200 reproductions, six of which are in color, that amplify and give significance to the text.

Ralph Wickiser is head of the Fine Arts Department at Louisiana State University.

Art Notes

MY CAMERA ON POINT LOBOS, by Edward Weston. Houghton Mifflin. $10. An empathy for the textures of the world is characteristic of the important moderns—as in Faulkner's prose, Braque's paintings, and Wes-



—From "My Camera on Point Lobos."

Edward Weston's "Eroded Rock"—"suggests the finest relief sculpture."

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ton's photography. Weston's thirty photographs record thirty vital and particular experiences revealed to him at Point Lobos on the California coast near Carmel. Over a period of twenty years Lobos presents herself in fragments, then finally as a total vision which was realized by Weston's camera. The formal result is concretely expressed by the fine plates in this book. The introduction by Dody, who worked with Weston for several years, presents a sensitive image of Point Lobos amounting to a prose paraphrase of Weston's photographic experience. This coastal landscape is Edward Weston's personal discovery; he gave himself to it entirely as an esthetic instrument. He says in his Daybook: "Here in Carmel I can work, and from here I send out the best of my life focused onto a few sheets of silvered paper."

The picture of eroded rock suggests the finest relief sculpture. One wants to "feel" and move about on the surface textures of the cypress roots. These pictures are not imitations of nature; rather, elements of nature are used to create the images constructed with imaginative intent. The excerpts from Weston's Daybook during the Lobos period offer an intelligent esthetic and an appropriate supplement to his photographic technique.

—A. W. MORGAN.

ITALIAN DRAWINGS AT WINDSOR CASTLE, by A. E. Popham and Johannes Wilde. Phaidon-Oxford. $12.50. This is another of Phaidon's volumes devoted to the drawings at Windsor Castle. The critical catalogue, running over 200 pages, lists 1,207 Italian drawings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. (There are a few intentional omissions, including Leonardo, whose drawings have already been catalogued separately by Sir Kenneth Clark.) The work of Michelangelo was catalogued by Johannes Wilde, that of the others by A. E. Popham, Keeper of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. There is a danger laymen may not appreciate the monumental scope of Mr. Popham's task. He has brought the force of his considerable scholarship to a critical examination of each drawing, affirming, refuting, or reassigning previous attributions in discussions ranging from a paragraph to a page in length. He also contributes a brief introduction.

For many readers the meat of the volume will lie in the illustrations. There are more than 400 in all, one-third of them full page. Most of the reproductions come from new photographs, and are well engraved and printed.

—L. R. SANDER.

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TEACHER, feminine, vivacious, liberal, desires correspondence from mature educated gentleman. Box 728-D.

WILL LIGHTHEARTED, cosmopolitan, mature gentleman correspond with gal liking music, shaggy dog stories, divers diversions? Box 729-D.

GENTLEMAN AUTHOR widely traveled, accomplished violinist, linguist, desires correspondence refined lady. Box 730-D.

BEARSKIN RUG WANTED, new or used, with head, preferably white. Box 731-D.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Rock bottom.	50 30 103 169 59 36 90
B. British General defeated by the French at Ticonderoga, N.Y., 1758.	77 115 46 138 35 154 28 128 157 2 34
C. Having numerous nearly parallel fissures, like those in the bark of a tree (zool. and bot.).	23 133 15 53 165 122
D. A piece of stupidity; a blunder (French).	17 143 148 111 63 164 80
E. Any *Ranunculus*: as the common buttercup.	142 55 69 33 29 123 66 151
F. Beloved of Abelard in a famous tragic French romance.	11 107 6 137 19 141 101
G. The grivet monkey (Amharic).	43 16 27 39
H. To discover; as hounds, a scent (2 wds.).	152 118 49 134 1 136
I. Muse of lyric and amatory poetry (class. myth.).	62 70 160 121 177
J. American composer (1876-; "Skyscrapers," etc.).	44 174 93 21 75 37 68 41 10
K. To set about; engage in.	114 168 126 76 85 110 25 161 9
L. To bring again into harmony.	81 83 47 117 132 163 178 159
M. Boy hero of famous tale by a well-known American author.	79 140 72 113 99 95 7 153 58

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. In the same attack (3 wds.).	51 119 112 96 88 64 144 170 22 13
O. A cooling etesian wind in the Levant, esp. Cyprus.	89 20 146 167 105
P. A dunce; a dolt.	135 54 171 145 74 147 32 45
Q. Irreverent; profane.	97 108 8 166 94 84 78
R. Agreeable in taste.	14 150 87 102 125 156 120 61
S. French painter (1685-1766; portraits of Peter the Great's entourage, 1715, etc.).	65 4 52 106 176 71 149
T. A good fellow, man or woman (colloq.).	67 158 124 139 109
U. Hints, such as Wordsworth's in poem on "Immortality."	129 3 18 42 98 104 24 172 60 82 116
V. A kind of desk (comp.).	162 127 5 31 175 86 56
W. A body of methodological doctrine, such as was compiled by Aristotle and, later, Bacon.	91 48 100 131 26 57 38
X. An insular hill or mount surrounded by an ice sheet (Esk.).	130 92 173 73 155 12 40

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

				1 H	2 B	3 U	4 S	5 V	6 F	7 M		8 Q	9 K	10 J	11 F	12 X	13 N
14 R		15 C	16 G	17 D	18 U		19 F	20 O	21 J	22 N	23 C	24 U	25 K	26 W	27 G		
28 B	29 E		30 A	31 V	32 P		33 E	34 B		35 B	36 A	37 J		38 W	39 G	40 X	
41 J		42 U	43 G		44 J	45 P	46 B	47 L	48 W		49 H	50 A	51 N	52 S		53 C	
54 P	55 E		56 V	57 W	58 M	59 A	60 U	61 R	62 I		63 D	64 N		65 S	66 E	67 T	
	68 J	69 E		70 I	71 S	72 M	73 X	74 P	75 J		76 K	77 B	78 Q	79 M	80 D	81 L	
82 U		83 L	84 Q	85 K	86 V	87 R	88 N		89 O	90 A		91 W	92 X	93 J		94 Q	
95 M	96 N		97 Q	98 U	99 M	100 W	101 F		102 R	103 A		104 U	105 O	106 S	107 F	108 Q	
109 T	110 K		111 D	112 N		113 M	114 K	115 B	116 U	117 L	118 H	119 N	120 R	121 I	122 C		
123 E	124 T	125 R		126 K	127 V	128 B	129 U	130 X	131 W	132 L	133 C	134 H	135 P		136 H	137 F	
138 B		139 T	140 M	141 F	142 E	143 D	144 N	145 P		146 O	147 P	148 D		149 S	150 R	151 E	
152 H	153 M	154 B		155 X	156 R		157 B	158 T	159 L	160 I	161 K		162 V	163 L	164 D	165 C	
166 Q	167 O	168 K		169 A	170 N	171 P	172 U	173 X	174 J	175 V	176 S	177 I	178 L				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 61 of this issue.

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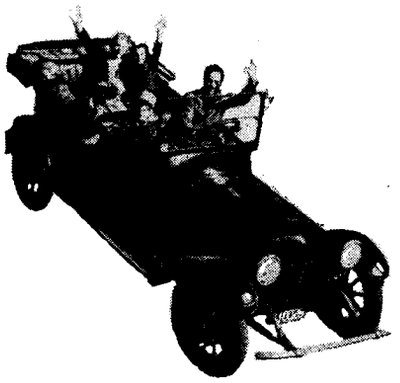

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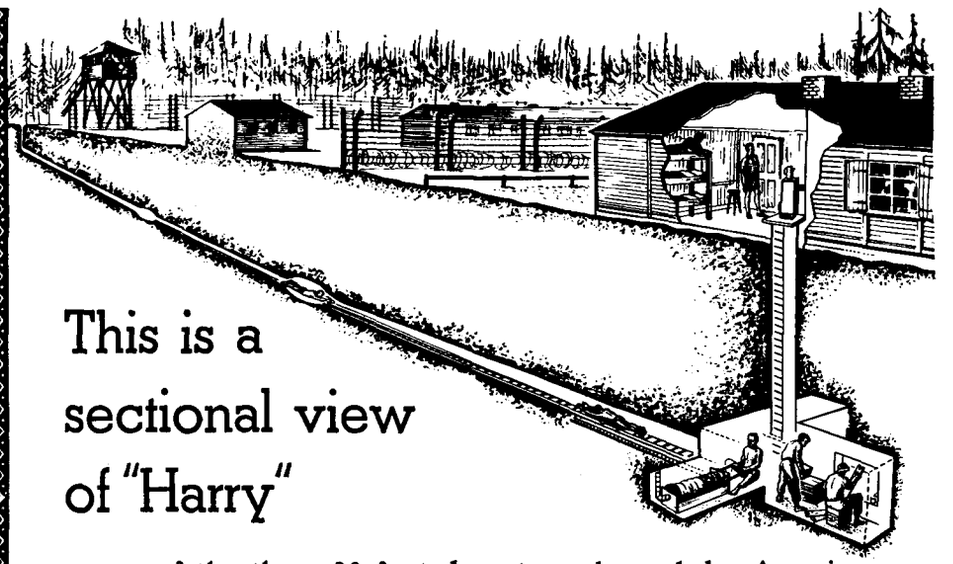

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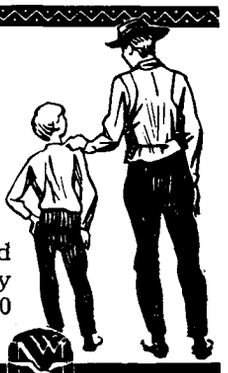

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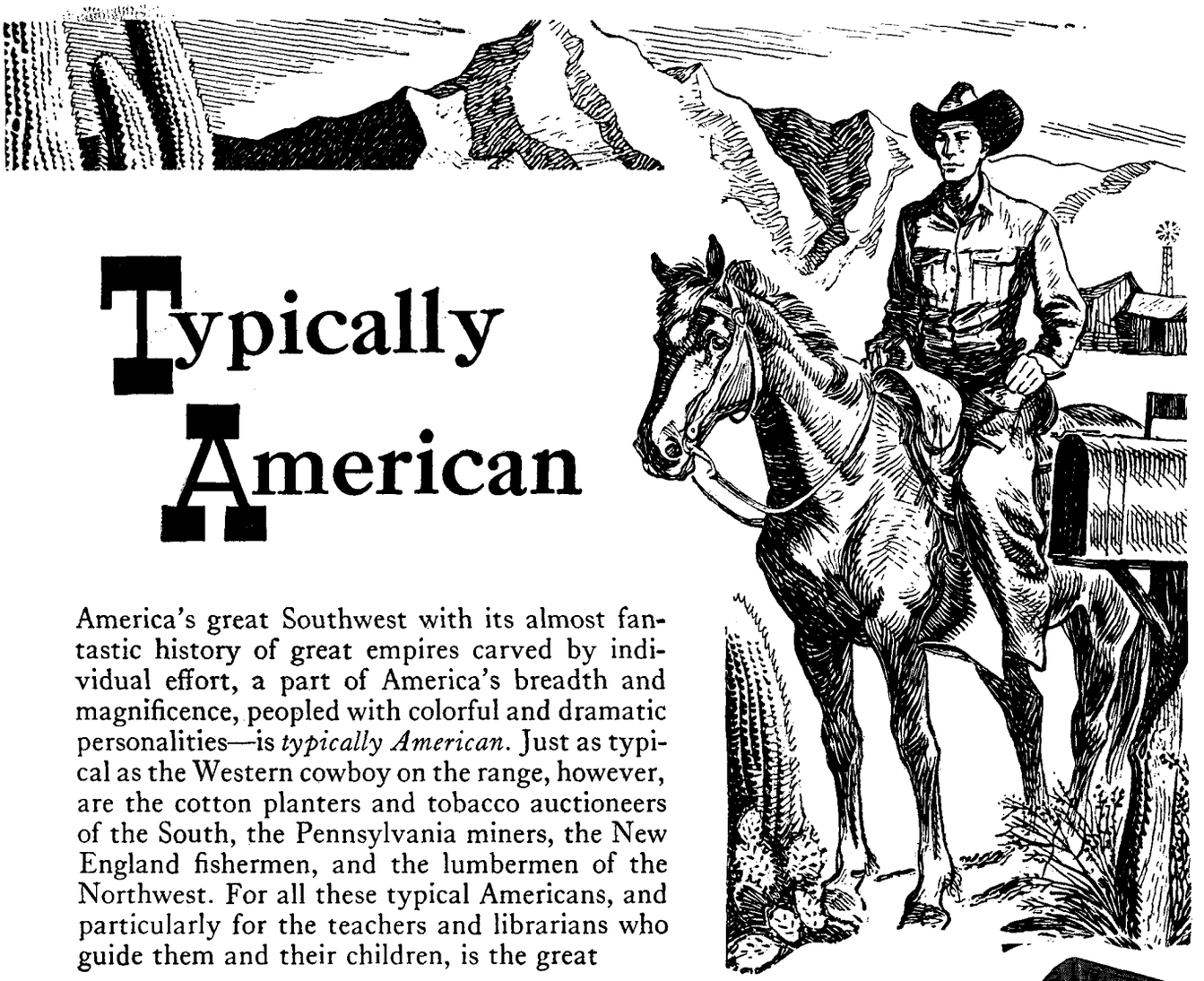

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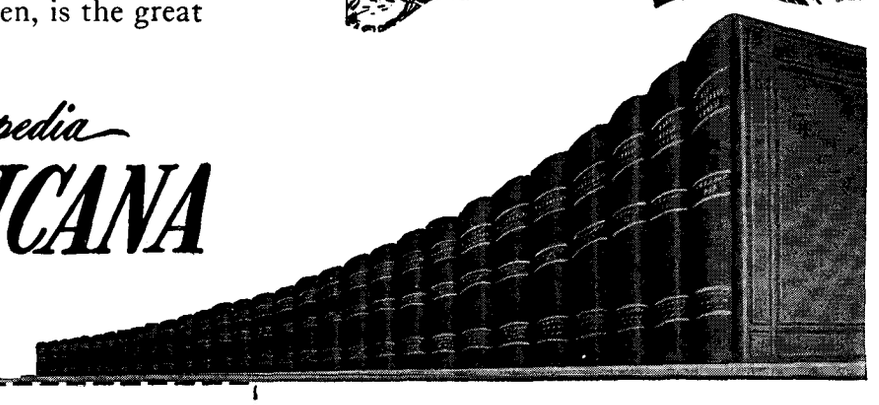

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